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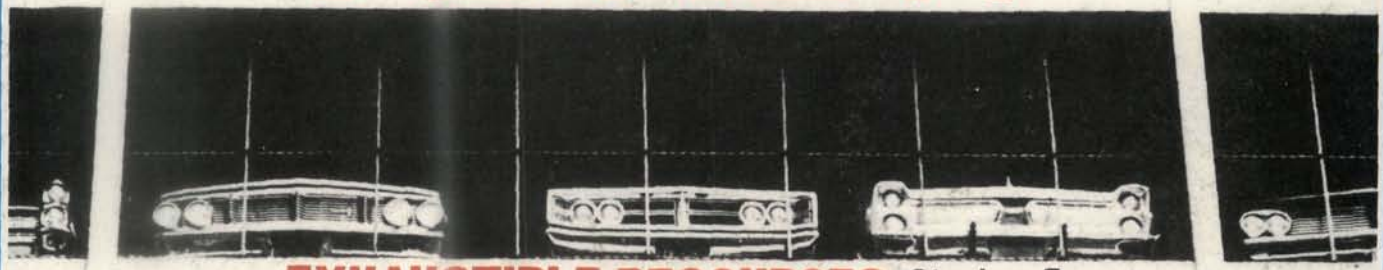
W. F. Buckley Jr. On THE HIJACKERS SEE PAGE 1

NOVEMBER 25, 1977

# NATIONAL REVIEW



## EXHAUSTIBLE RESOURCES
Stephen F. Williams

## SONS OF SOLZHENITSYN
Mitchell S. Ross

## GUNNING FOR BROWN IN CALIFORNIA
Charles Wallen Jr.

**Also In This Issue:**

John Simon
Ernest van den Haag
Chilton Williamson Jr.
M. Stanton Evans
Ruth Berenson

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# "The only gusher I'll ever see is at the movies."

Gulf Production Superintendent Bob Valentine perforates a legend. "I don't think I ever saw an oil movie where they didn't have a gusher. Everybody gets greasy, and they laugh a lot.

"But today the only gushers are in the movies, not in real life. And a good thing, too. All that oil spraying all over the landscape. All those tools and pipe flying around—a man could get killed that way.

"The fact is that wells just don't come in as gushers anymore.

## The easy oil is gone

"One reason is that drilling and well-completion technology has improved. These days, we bring the oil to the surface under carefully controlled conditions, in order to avoid spillage.

"Another reason is that the easy oil is gone. We're drilling deeper—sometimes as deep as 20,000 feet. We're drilling in tough, inaccessible, out-of-the-way locations we wouldn't have attempted ten years ago.

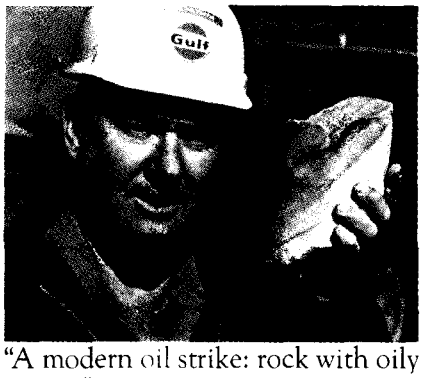
## Wet rock

"These days, an oil strike is a lot less dramatic. At the end of a successful drilling operation, your best indication of oil may be a wet rock. The oil is in the pores of the rock, and you sometimes have to do some incredible things to get it out. Stimulation with chemical solutions; fracturing at eight or ten thousand pounds' pressure; or steam injection flooding.

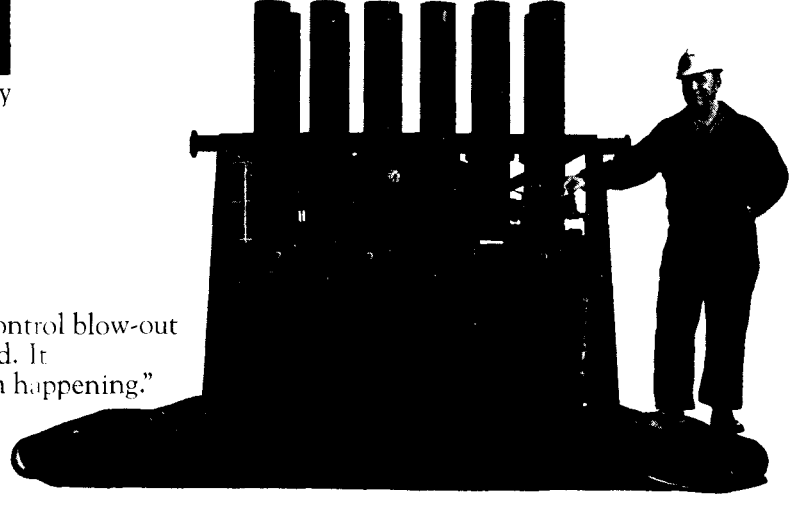
"These days, getting the oil out is a real challenge. But we've got the tools and the knowledge, and we'll do it."

Gulf

**Gulf people: meeting the challenge.**




"A modern oil strike: rock with oily pores."



"This is a remote control blow-out preventer manifold. It keeps gushers from happening."

Gulf Oil Corporation

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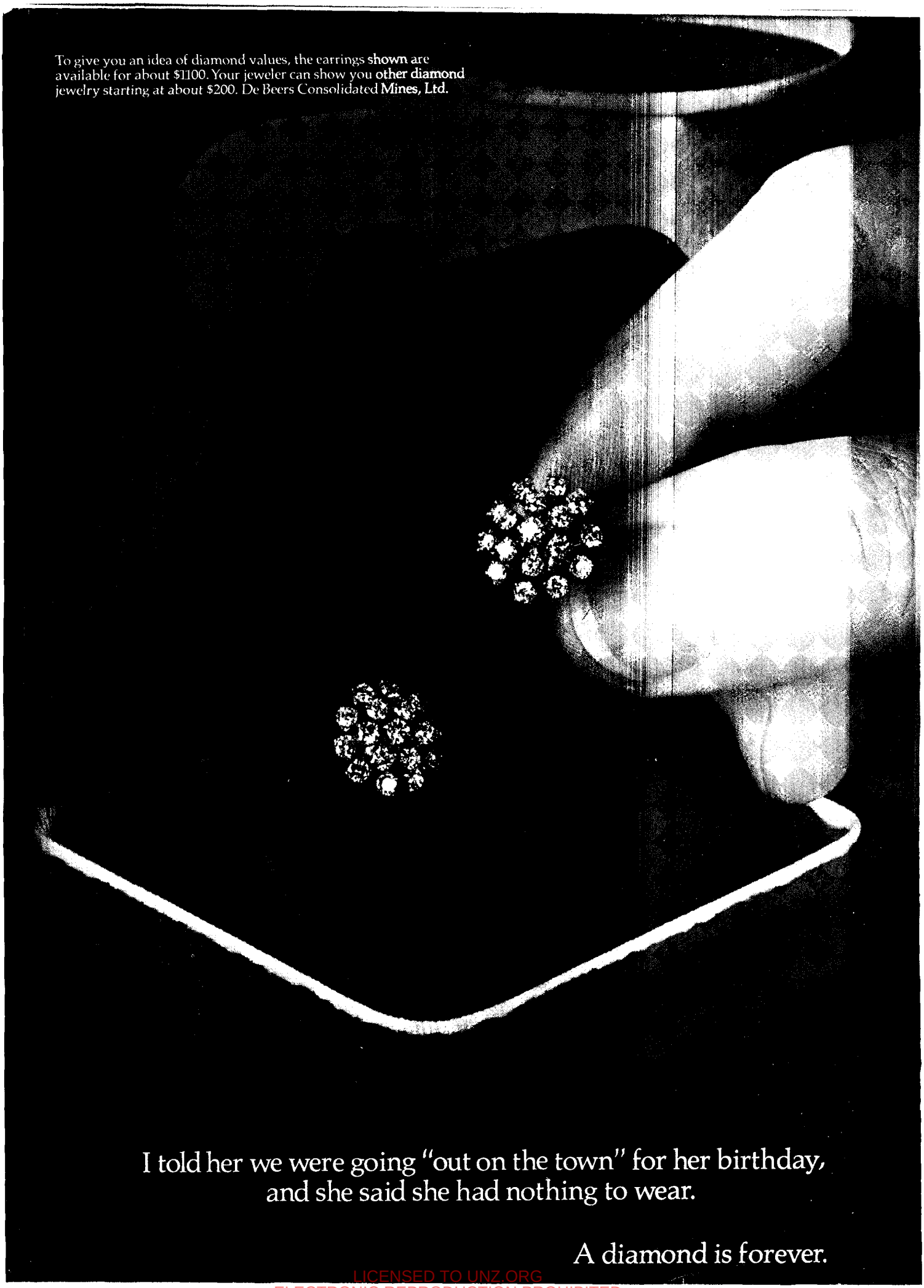
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I told her we were going "out on the town" for her birthday, and she said she had nothing to wear.
A diamond is forever.

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

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# Letters

## First and Ten

Brava for Clare Boothe Luce and her exposé of the naïveté of President Carter's human rights policy ["The High Human Price of Detente," Nov. 11]: "But whether President Carter knows it yet or not, detente and a human rights policy applied to the Soviet Empire and Communist ideology are mutually exclusive. It is entirely probable that Mr. Carter, fresh from his Georgia farm, has no more idea of what detente is really all about than do the majority of his countrymen"—despite all the effort that Leonid Brezhnev and Brezhnev's colleagues and predecessors have expended to let us know exactly what they have in mind for us. Not inappropriately, the Carter scenario reads like *Peanuts*: no matter how many times Lucy pulls the football away, leaving Charlie Brown to kick empty air, and no matter how suspicious he is that she's going to do it again the next time, he has never failed to charge straight ahead—or to wind up flat on his behind.

*Pittsburgh, Pa.* STEPHEN WESTON

## Panama Mop-Up

I confess I haven't been able to read everything *NR* has printed in the past year or so; but in what I have seen, there has been no reference to the salient pertinent fact that "the Panama Canal" is really "the American Canal in Panama." It is U.S. property. Period. Purchased and paid for, lock, stock, and barrel, at an accumulated cost of at least $7 billion plus a minimum of ten thousand American lives. Not only do you seem to ignore this completely; you urge us to support a treaty that will require us to pay still more money for the privilege of giving away our own property.

*Riverdale, Md.* GILBERT J. BROCKMAN

Now, will you please explain why we, the taxpayers, must not only give away the Canal, but pay Panama (or Omar Torrijos) $1.3 billion to take it, all apparently just to win friends and influence people in Latin America? This is the total price of the treaties—$50 million a year and $300 million in military aid, etc. Explain it as you please, the money eventually comes out of the pockets of the American people. For my tax money, it's a lousy deal.

*Waco, Tex.* MURRAY NEAL

If one concludes that the Canal is not important to the U.S., militarily or economically, and that "sovereignty" is an outmoded relic, should not the Canal be turned over to the group of nations who are economically dependent on it? Should not the costs of operation be borne by such nations (including the U.S.A.) in proportion to their interests? The current treaty smacks of "Yankee go home—but leave your money."

*Mt. Vision, N.Y.* RONALD R. HAUS

The first gut reaction is that we have retreated too far on too many fronts: Korea —why didn't we win that one? Hungary —why did we stand aside when the Russian troops moved in? The Wall, Hands Off Cuba, Vietnam, Angola . . . And now, in Panama, kowtowing to a tinpot dictator while the world jeers.

But turn it around a bit, as I did when I asked myself how I would feel if I were Panamanian and there were a strip of land running right smack through my country, a Wall, so to speak, between me and my friends on the other side of the Ditch.

Well, I would loathe it. On this count alone, our physical military presence in Panama seems to me to be obsolete, and I have come to believe that a gradual pull-out on the best terms possible (which may or may not be the terms of the present treaties) is what we as a great power can and should work toward.

*New York, N.Y.* MATTHEW PORTER

Since President Carter and General Torrijos intend to turn back the clock of history, should it not be turned back all the way? Since the status quo does not suit either party, the United States should withdraw its recognition of the Panamanian "republic," destroy the Canal, and turn the whole thing, Panama and all, back over to Colombia, where it all began.

The United States should be able to negotiate an equitable treaty with Colombia for the building of a new, more adequate canal, the treaty to be signed the day after Colombian troops have reoccupied the territory which is historically and rightfully theirs.

*Oak Ridge, Tenn.* W. M. WOODS

## Hypocrite Ecrivain

For about the fiftieth time this biennium I have read Baudelaire's famous dictum, *hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère,* quoted by D. Keith Mano in *NR*, and, here again [Sept. 2], quoted for the wrong reasons. Though *hypocrite* no doubt means "hypocrite" to the average modern speaker of French, to Baudelaire it certainly contained the connotations of its ancient Greek origins in the noun *hypokrites* (actor), from the verb *hypokrinesthai* (to give answers). Thus, Baudelaire was obviously addressing the reader



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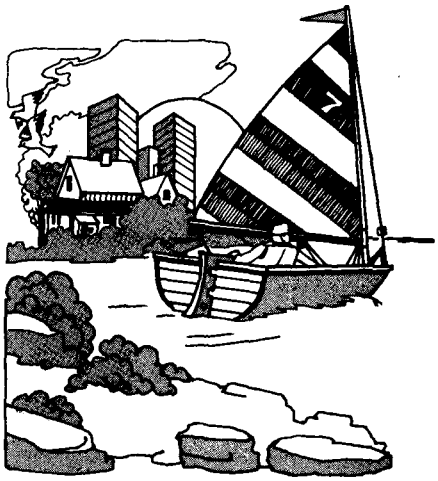

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as a potential partner in honest dialogue, though, to be sure, the reader might well duck the challenge and thus be a hypocrite in the modern sense. Still, the challenge to dialogue is there as well as the idealistic expectation of an answer. Nowadays, when neither the French themselves nor Anglophone book reviewers know Greek when they see it, the full resonance of Baudelaire's challenge is lost on tin ears, and it makes both him and those who quote him sound like Norman Mailer provoking a rumble in a barroom. Mano should learn French, and then Greek.

*Waltham, Mass.* DOUGLAS J. STEWART

### The Holy Land of Ireland

Hugh Kenner's article [Aug. 5] about the last Irish election surprised me in coming close to following the sort of straight government line (Cosgrave's) which *NR* has traditionally been suspicious of. I offer no simple answers, just a few simple observations.

1. Mr. Kenner seems to suggest that the mad, dead, and illiterate swept Fianna Fáil into the greatest majority in the history of the Irish Republic. In fact it was the National Coalition which took advantage of the last Irish census to rearrange the political districts. And if being near the top of the ballot appears important in Ireland, it seemed no less important to the Conservative Party of New York State when they grabbed Row C. The Irish method of weighting votes helps to prevent the splinter parties which are a problem of parliamentary governments everywhere. In simplified terms, the candidates who are acceptable to the greatest number of people are elected. Conor Cruise O'Brien was defeated because each of the three winning candidates was acceptable to a greater number of people than he was.

2. Mr. Kenner seems to think, based on polls whose methodology I question, that the North was not an important issue in the election. In early 1977 the National Coalition passed a law which allows indefinite internment of a man without trial upon the statement of a police sergeant that the man is believed to be a member of the IRA. Furthermore, police have no need of search or arrest warrants in Eire. Thus it is not surprising that there is little open discussion of the subject.

3. Conor Cruise O'Brien, the man who handled the Katanga incident, may well have been defeated by his pro-British policy line. Not only did he want to sanction British control of Ulster, but he even attempted to rebroadcast the BBC throughout the entire country. When a poll soundly defeated that proposition, he lamented ever having had the poll taken!

*Garden City, N.Y.* T. G. FRANCIS WILLIS

First, Fianna Fáil is generally more pro-business, more free-enterprise, and less "socialization"-oriented than Fine Gael. In regard to the North, Jack Lynch and Fianna Fáil voice the feelings of most of the Irish population.

Second, Conor Cruise O'Brien (an avowed agnostic and a divorcé) had absolutely no interest in his job as Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, but spent his public time delivering major speeches on contraception, divorce, non-parochial schools, and the North. Dr. O'Brien's Labor Party frankly admits that the next step after contraception is abortion.

Conor Cruise O'Brien was voted out not because of his purported solutions for the North, but because he arrogantly ignored his job and ignored the people's sensitivities by trying to cram contraception down their throats (or elsewhere).

*Ballycotton, Cork* JUAN C. O'CALLAHAN

I find it odd that your August 5 issue should contain two instances—one from Hugh Kenner and the other from your editorial board (in "The Sticking Point")—of a failure to understand the point that James Burnham put with such elegant simplicity a couple of issues later: "Political man, Aristotle or no Aristotle, is seldom a rational animal. Confronting a political issue, most of us try to present our point of view with a respectable overlay of rational-sounding rhetoric, but you can still hear the drumbeats throbbing underneath." The human race is, after all, a singularly messy one in its insistence on cluttering up rational analysis with irrelevancies like honor and love and patriotism. Mr. Kenner's advice to the Irish that 1916 is a myth (which of course it is in the sense of a story that helps crystallize a people's identity, though not in the debunking sense in which Mr. Kenner seems to be using it), your editorial's reminder to Israelis that they can give no good defensible-borders kind of reason for holding onto Jersusalem, would be conclusive arguments to Houyhnhnms; to men, for better or for worse, they are not.

*Cambridge, Mass.* BOB TILLIARD

### Speed, Power, and Numbers

It is a rare occasion when I disagree with an *NR* editorial, but such was the case regarding "New Weapons II" [Aug. 19]. The editors think "cheap and mobile weapons" make "large expensive weapons" obsolete, which shows a lot of wishful thinking on their part but not much logic.

The TOW anti-tank missiles referred to are manned by infantry—an infantry which is very vulnerable to the Soviet artillery that accompanies their old tanks. I have talked to men who have been trained in the use of the TOW and they say the best weapon against tanks is other tanks. So mass armies are out and "speed . . . mobility . . . technological sophistication" are in, are they? The Soviets happen



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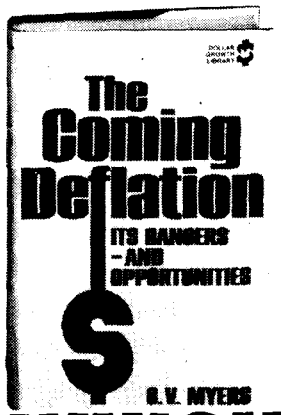


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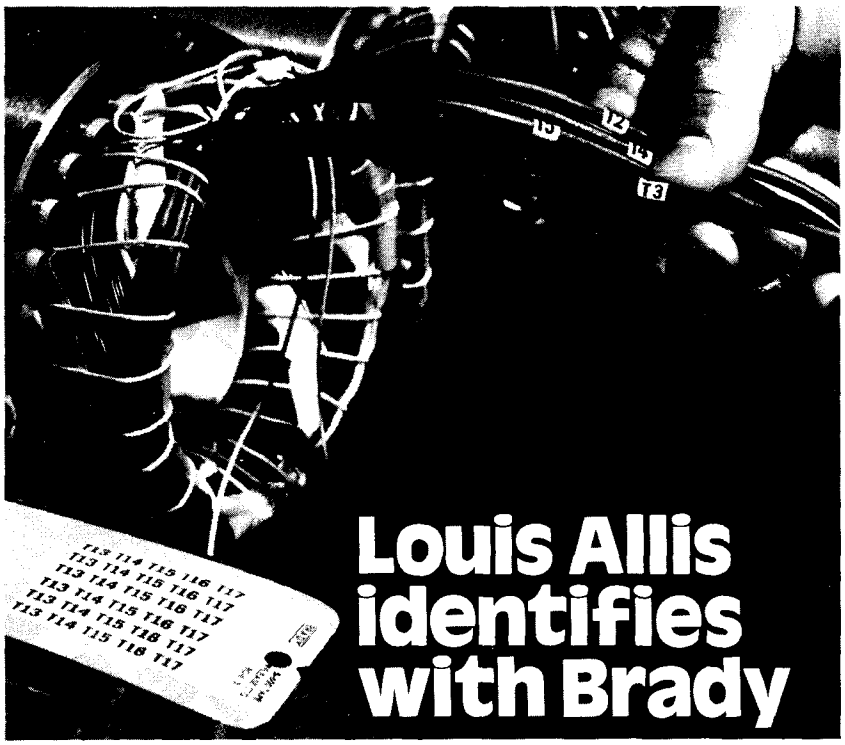


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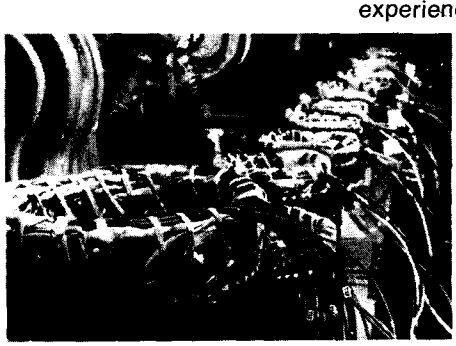

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The neutron bomb is not a "quantum breakthrough" at all, but is, instead, a slight improvement over existing nuclear artillery shells.

The best weapon we could build that has speed (faster than the cruise missile), mobility, and sophistication is the B-1 bomber. I will admit, however, that it is not cheap.

*Nashville, Tenn.* ROBERT MEACHAM

### De Profundis

I am a Russian writer, a recent emigrant, and an even more recent reader of your magazine; in fact I was delighted to learn that such a magazine existed, for, though aware America had produced a Faulkner, I was uncertain, after some two years here, as to who his readers could possibly be.

Thus I was surprised to read Victor Gold's review [June 10] of *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin* by Vladimir Voinovich. Mr. Gold sees only the surface of a book which he takes to be a down-to-earth satire on Soviet bureaucracy. He declared it "ha-ha funny" and recommended it as light summer reading, a damning suggestion, no doubt, since the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW are scarcely an audience seeking empty diversion.

Voinovich's book is, of course, very funny. Nevertheless it bears no relationship to "ha-ha funny." This is a very serious and (to use Mr. Gold's phrase) "existential work." The truly unnatural circumstances in which the characters live—the disordered result of years of violence—have been accepted by them as natural: Soviet ideology, like a deadly parasite, so deeply penetrates Russian life as to become part of its host; life has grown accustomed to the death within it. Only laughter such as permeates this novel can elevate the human spirit beyond the sick, solemn grasp of an oppressive unreality which falsifies and finally strangles the truth.

Mr. Gold chose to engage in polemics with other reviewers who, in his opinion, unjustifiably consider Voinovich's prose as profound and touching as Solzhenitsyn's. Perhaps there is some exaggeration in such comparisons—I consider Solzhenitsyn incomparable—but the point is that Voinovich's book has its own considerable depth and brilliantly depicts how human nature is distorted and how a common fellow breathes in that awful atmosphere which America must at all costs seek to avoid.

NAUM MANDEL (KORZHAVIN)
*Brookline, Mass.*



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# An OPEN LETTER To ALL PENSION FUND TRUSTEES

AS YOU KNOW, most pension funds managed by Big Banks have not performed too well for quite a number of years now. During the first quarter in particular, many of their Favorite Fifty "fell out of bed." Thus, more and more experts are pushing the "index funds" concept. They think your trust should settle for just keeping pace with the Standard & Poor's index of 500 stocks.

But this concept does not really work in your best interest. It's one thing when your pension fund or profit-sharing plan underperforms because of poor investment judgment. It's quite another when fiduciaries and professionals won't even try to preserve pensioners' capital should a bear market occur.

## STOCKS DON'T ALWAYS RISE

And bear markets are not just a figment of "gloomers and doomers." Already, the Dow-Jones industrials have tumbled some 200 points. If the illiquidity besetting the banking system worsens, stocks could go down a whole lot more.

If that happens, there is little comfort in knowing that your fund's participants will lose "only" as much as the S&P 500.

If you want a money manager who's not just a bull-market hero, may we suggest you consider our Strategic Asset Management. Under our Total Investing approach, we strive to preserve and build capital for institutional investors in both rising and falling stock markets.

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Total Investing goes beyond just stocks and bonds. We monitor a broad spectrum of securities. They include, among others, convertible debentures, Treasury notes, and American Depository Receipts (ADR's) of foreign securities.

We are *not* saying that Total Investing will achieve investment success all the time—although we are proud of our past record. But we *are* saying that *when you retain us as manager, we—not the market—will manage your trust.*

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## Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, M.D., Ph.D.:

# ON A SUBSTANCE THAT CAN MAKE US SICK (IF WE DO NOT EAT IT!)

### One of the world's most honored scientists, winner of the 1937 Nobel Prize for Physiology and Medicine, explains the fascinating paradox of vitamins.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *A long-time member of our Editorial Board, Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi is currently a visiting professor at the University of Miami's Institute for Molecular and Cellular Evolution. He is world-renown for his discovery of ascorbic acid, (vitamin C) his studies on cellular respiration and on muscles, which resulted in the first workable theory of muscle contraction. Now, at the age of 84, and after 20 years of research, he has evolved a theory that may solve the deadly mystery of cancer.*

—Richard Stanton

I am aware that having discovered ascorbic acid did not make me into an expert on the medical use of vitamins. All the same, this work made me come in touch with vitamin C more often than I would have come without it. I had hardly announced my result when I was invited by E. Merck and Co. to come to Darmstadt, Germany, to discuss the medical uses of ascorbic acid with leading German clinicians. I did not have much to say but went all the same. I found the clinicians very nice but was shocked by their lack of biological insight and lack of interest in the basic problems. They told me that they had no need of my ascorbic acid because ascorbic acid prevented scurvy, and there was no scurvy. The logic was simple, almost irrefutable. Though I could bring up no argument against it, I felt that it was completely wrong. It was wrong because "no-scurvy" does not mean health. There is a wide gap between health and no-scurvy. Scurvy is a pre-


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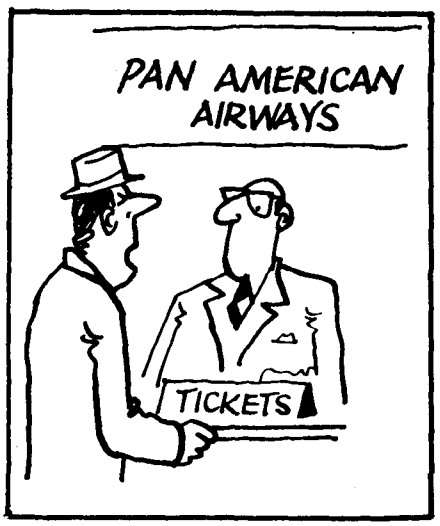
# FOR THE RECORD

■ Latest update on the **Panama Canal** business, courtesy of the *Christian Science Monitor*. A Nov. 7 rundown shows 33 senators have declared their support for the Treaty; 27 are still against; forty, including both the Senate Majority and Minority Leaders (**Byrd** and **Baker**), are still undecided. . . . Sen. **John Danforth** (R., Mo.) who was leaning for, is now leaning against. . . . Sen. **Hayakawa**, who said he might break ranks and vote ratification, reports he has now received 100,000 letters against. . . . Sen. Robert Byrd, who led a delegation of seven Democrats to Panama last week, says if he decides to go against **Jimmy Carter** on this one it will be *sotto voce* ("I will cast my vote as senator from West Virginia," i.e., not as Majority Leader).

■ More troubles for Jimmy Carter. **Scoop Jackson**, who refuses to be intimidated by charges that classified material has been leaked from his Armed Services Subcommittee, says he will continue to hold hearings on SALT II and adds: "I am not happy with the way [the negotiations] are at this point." . . . In the House Rep. **Dan Rostenkowski** (D., Ill.), who was spearheading the Carter program to put an automatic 9 per cent lid on hospital costs, admits that measure is dead for the year; he'll try again next session, he says. . . . Four important Democratic committee chairmen, **John Sparkman** (Foreign Relations), **Jennings Randolph** (Environment and Public Works), **Russell Long** (Finance), and **Abraham Ribicoff** (Governmental Affairs), have joined Minority Leader Baker in urging President Carter to reappoint **Arthur Burns** chairman of the Federal Reserve Board as a move that would be "most reassuring" to the banking and business

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**"What's the going rate today?"**

communities. Also signing the letter, East Coast liberal Republicans **Clifford Case**, **Edward Brooke**, **Jacob Javits**, and **Charles Mathias**. . . . Carter's decision not to make that **foreign trip** has provoked a great deal of criticism abroad. The conservative Bonn *Die Welt* sums up much of it: the Carter foreign policy, it says, is "amateurish."

■ Speaking of amateurishness, **Andy Young** has done it again. He told an HEW audience that South African Prime Minister **John Vorster** is "very much over the hill intellectually and in every other way," and added that the United States was prepared to help "more creative, conscientious moderate leadership [in South Africa] to develop immediately." . . . Which led to an instant clarification from State Department spokesman **Hodding Carter** (poor Hodding Carter) that Young was speaking for himself and that his opinion of Vorster was not (repeat not) shared by SecState **Vance**. . . . **Wilfred Burchett**, on his triumphal tour of the U.S., is delighted over events in southern Africa. Once Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) and South West Africa (Namibia) have been liberated, he says, they will become "bases and support centers for the freedom fighters of Azania [South Africa] and the torch will be carried right to the last stronghold of racism in fascist South Africa itself." . . . Meanwhile, Ambassador **William Bowdler**, recalled for consultations after the South African crackdown on anti-apartheid forces, has returned to Pretoria. . . . The State Department has also announced that U.S. Ambassador **Leonard Unger**—also called home for consultations—will be returning to his post in Taipei in the very near future. There had been some concern in Washington that Unger would not be ordered back to Free China.

■ Carter's proposal to amnesty **illegal aliens** who have been in the country since 1970 is not popular with most Americans. **Gallup** reports that 52 per cent oppose the amnesty, only 39 per cent favor it. . . . In a related question, Gallup also came up with surprising data that 65 per cent approve a **national identification card** of some sort with only 30 per cent (most of them *NR* readers) opposed. . . . An indication of the extent of the problem: in the first three weeks of August, border patrols turned back 55,000 **Mexicans** trying to get into the United States.

■ Pay-as-you-go kidnapping: When the kidnappers of Canadian banker **Charles Manlo** found they couldn't get the million-buck ransom they had asked for, they settled for $50,000, which, they explained, would cover the expenses of the 82-day snatch.



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# THE WEEK

■ For the last few years India has been getting two things to which it is not accustomed: good monsoons and bumper crops. If this keeps up, they may get a third—a wheat deal with Moscow, which is once again in the market for the agricultural surpluses of non-Communist countries. Funny how *they* never get good weather.

■ Having liberated the U.S. from the UN's International Labor Organization, Mr. Carter should now turn his attention to another organ of the world body: the UN's Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization, which is even more malignant than the ILO. Writing in the London *Sunday Telegraph*, Gordon Brook-Shepherd notes that while the ILO is a propaganda base for Communist nations, UNESCO is something more, a major base for Communist espionage. Of the approximately one hundred Soviets working for the Paris-based organization, no fewer than forty are agents of either the Soviet civilian or military network. That there is no hope for cleansing from within can be safely assumed. The head of UNESCO is Sean MacBride, a former IRA chief of staff, a recipient of the Lenin Peace Prize, and, mind you, a Nobel Peace Prize, who is not known as a Red-baiter. One of MacBride's recent statements: "The capitalist system is terrorism and the people are forced to take up arms and revolt against the system."

■ A young Mexican-American woman recently died after a cheap Mexican abortion. Unable to afford a proper American job, she had crossed the Texas border and paid $40 for the operation that resulted, shortly after her return to Texas, in her death. On her body was found a Medicaid card, the irony of which did not escape the subtle moralists who peck out *New York Times* editorials: titling their comment "First Victim," they blamed her death on Congress' refusal thus far to include abortion coverage under Medicaid. Actually, of course, she was the abortionist's victim—and not his first, but his second. The first one, as far as the *Times* is concerned, was too small to count.

■ Anita Bryant would never make it in San Francisco, where it is estimated that 20 per cent of the population is homosexual. According to Herbert Gold, in an objective, almost unbelievable article in the *New York Times Magazine*, San Francisco has extended its reputation for cataclysmic tolerance by becoming *the* gay mecca of North America. Avowed homosexuals run for office, the sheriff and mayor walk in gay rights parades, and whole sections of the city have become gay enclaves. There is even an annual softball game between the police department and gays from the community. A sign of the times, the gays won 14 to 9 last year.

■ Santiago Carillo and the USSR—off again, on again, and now off. After coldly freezing out the leader of the Spanish Communist Party (and author of the heretical *Eurocommunism and the State*), the USSR seemed briefly to warm to Carillo, sending a visiting delegation led by the editor of *Pravda*. But not for long. Carillo attended the Sixtieth Anniversary celebration in Moscow but was not allowed to speak at the Kremlin. The *Pravda* editor blamed it on Carillo's late arrival and offered some lesser occasions to make a speech, which Carillo turned down. The freeze is on again. Coincidentally, the leader of the rival Spanish Communist Workers' Party, Enrique Lister, has just returned from Moscow to Spain where his first public statement blasted Eurocommunist Carillo as "nothing more than a political gangster." At the moment, Lister, who formed the SCWP in 1970 in Moscow, seems to be the Kremlin's candidate in Spain.

■ Quebec's Premier René Lévesque, behaving like a chief of state, touched all the symbolic bases in his triumphal tour of the mother country: he began by insulting the Canadian Ambassador to France at the airport reception; went on to lay the obligatory wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and another wreath on the grave of the godfather of Quebec separatism, Charles de Gaulle; and, along the way, was awarded the Legion of Honor by President Giscard. Trudeau, back in Ottawa, steamed, and "reminded" the French government (a reminder is several diplomatic steps down from a protest) that Canadians may not receive foreign decorations without the approval of their government—a regulation that was passed in 1968, the year after de Gaulle visited Montreal and shouted: "*Vive le Québec libre!*" General Montcalm, thou shouldst be living at this hour.

■ "All students are promoted to the next grade whether they take tests or not; all students in the graduating class will graduate whether they have studied or not." The *New York Daily News*, grumping about conditions in Queens? Nope—those sour remarks were from the Peking *People's Daily*, criticizing poor academic performance in the Student's Paradise. It's been a decade since the Communist Chinese did away with tests, grading, and classroom discipline—with the result that two-thirds of this year's college graduating class in Shanghai failed to pass their math, physics, and chemistry exams. So the Communists have scheduled the most →



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# JR CAR AS HIGHLY RATES HIS?

If you put your car to the test on the left and scover it rates a lot of "fairs" and "poors," you should ve some thought to owning a Volvo.

Recently, Volvo owners were sent a similar question- e as part of a nationwide survey among new car mers. They were asked to rate their new Volvos on ese, and several other points.

The results were very enlightening.

For example, when it came to quality of workman- ip (something many people have stopped trying to d in a car) 86.9% of the Volvo owners rated their cars xcellent" or "very good."

Ride in a Volvo and you'll understand why. There's lefinite feeling that this car has been fit together stead of slapped together. A strong, unitized body nstruction helps eliminate squeaks and rattles. And if u're old enough to remember when a paint job was tually a feature you could point to in a new car, you'll mire Volvo's. It's five coats deep.

Volvos also received high ratings for what their mers could fit into them. Namely, themselves.

Inside, Volvo has enough leg, hip, shoulder and adroom for five six-footers. Up front, they'll be sitting Volvo's famous orthopedically-designed bucket seats. hich adjust in ten different directions, including from oft" to "firm" against the small of your back. In the back of a Volvo, you'll find a trunk with room inside for, believe it or not, a trunk.

These are just a few of the reasons why Volvo owners gave higher ratings to their cars' comfort and roominess than Cadillac owners gave to Cadillacs.

Volvo owners also like the way their cars handle. Volvos have rack and pinion steering. Which, together with an advanced spring-strut suspension makes for a smooth, stable, controlled ride. Volvo also has power-assisted disc brakes on four wheels instead of just two, for quick, straight-line stopping.

Add to these Volvo's other qualities—the exceptional level of performance provided by fuel-injected overhead cam engines, Volvo's legendary strength and durability, and safety features so advanced they're being studied by the U.S. government—and you understand something else.

You understand why, in this same owner survey, Volvo owners overall were shown to be more satisfied than the owners of 48 cars from G.M., Ford, Chrysler and AMC.*

Your Volvo dealer has a full selection of sedans and station wagons to choose from. In either our 240 series or from our luxurious Volvo 260's.

Volvos start at $6,645.†

Which to some people may seem like a lot of money to pay for a car.

But to others, it's a small price to pay for satisfaction.

*vey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 19[illegible]. †Suggested retail price P.O.E. local taxes, dealer preparation, delivery charges and Lambda Sond"units additional.

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## VOLVO. A CAR YOU CAN BELIEVE IN.

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## Two Cheers for Jimmy

Allow yourself a seemly glow:
The U.S. quit the ILO.
With Labor and Big Biz agreed,
The President refused to heed
Cassandra cries from Cyrus Vance,
Whose Foggy Bottom looked askance.
So, moderately, let us say,
Hip, hip, hooray. Hip, hip, hooray.

W. H. VON DREELE

rigorous college entrance exam in decades, complete with cram courses and solemn warnings against cheating. Turns out all that egalitarianism was the work of the Gang of Four. Purists can still send their children to Albania, or CCNY.

■ For someone so concerned with symbolic gestures (carrying his own suitcases, walking instead of riding in limousines), President Carter seems to have underestimated the importance of his promise to return the Crown of St. Stephen to Hungary. Given to American forces after World War II by Hungarian nationalists, the gem-studded Crown represents Hungarian nationhood. Every king since the year 1000 wore it as symbol of his sovereignty. To return the Crown, therefore, is to confer legitimacy on the Communist government in Hungary, and Hungarian-Americans are incensed. Representative Mary Rose Oakar (D., Ohio), whose district includes the largest concentration of immigrant Hungarians in the country, has introduced a bill which would require congressional ratification of the Crown's return. Perhaps symbolically, the decision to return the Crown was announced 21 years to the week after Soviet tanks crushed the Hungarian revolt of 1956.

■ On Sunday November 6, dissident Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre dedicated the new headquarters of his Society of St. Pius X in Oyster Bay, Long Island. The next day, he held a press conference and announced plans for a $1-million seminary to be located somewhere in the Midwest. Lefebvre's central problem is that though a "traditionalist" he is, as a dissident, necessarily untraditional. "We want to follow the Pope," he explains, "but when he does not follow the 262 other Popes we do not follow him." Fundamentally, Lefebvre's attack upon papal authority is at least as radical as that of Hans Küng and other modernizers. Lefebvre does not think the Pope will excommunicate him, but adds: "If he does, it would not be valid, and I would continue." Nevertheless, Lefebvre's movement has a good deal of vitality and wide appeal, and its long-range implications are incalculable.

■ TEXTBOOK CENSORSHIP DEPT.: In the elementary text *Latin: An Introductory Course Based on Ancient Authors* (Barnes & Noble Books), Professor Frederic M. Wheelock employs quotations from numerous Roman authors. But not all. As he explains in a footnote: "Caesar's works were studiously avoided because there is a growing opinion that Caesar's military tyranny over the first two years is infelicitous, intolerable, and deleterious to the cause, and that more desirable reading matter can be found." That Caesar's works should be varied with many others would be reasonable; but that they should be "studiously avoided," after 2,000 years, earns Professor Wheelock his own very special place in the *Dunciad*.

■ The Soviet government has declared amnesty for "minor" criminals, to celebrate the Sixtieth Anniversary of its suppression of the anti-czarist revolution. Political prisoners have been exempted from the amnesty and will have to celebrate the glorious occasion in the Gulag Archipelago.

■ No such sentimentality moves the East Germans, who for some time, it is revealed, have put their political prisoners up for sale for 50,000 Deutschemarks—about $20,000—a head. The West German government has reportedly bought about 10,000 of the prisoners to date, giving East Germany several hundred millions in much-needed foreign exchange. Why piddle around hijacking airplanes when you can hold a whole country for ransom?

■ The crafty Chinese have also figured out a new way to get foreign exchange: selling tigers. Which they obtain by slipping aphrodisiacs to otherwise inscrutable lady tigers. The tigers probably fetch more than Chinese political prisoners, who are a glut on the market.

■ But wait—how do you slip an aphrodisiac to a tiger? No problem in China. Feed the aphrodisiac to a political prisoner and slip *him* to the tiger.

## Carter Unraveling

Live by the image, die by the image: that may be the story of the first year of the Carter Administration. In his primary campaign last year, Carter parlayed a gift for ambiguity and skillful image-manipulation into the Democratic nomination for the Presidency; and during his first months, from his inaugural walk down Pennsylvania Avenue through his cutback on limousines and on to his town meetings and cardigans, he continued to have a deft PR touch. But as he approaches the end of his first year in office, Carter is in deep trouble on



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substance—and this, another image altogether now, steadily diminishes his political clout and plunges him precipitously downward in the polls.

Substance, there's the rub. Carter campaigned as, was widely perceived as, a fiscal moderate. He spoke of balanced budgets and the limits of government, of efficiency and restraint. Now, however, he is espousing bloated spending programs on the LBJ scale.

According to Carter spokesmen such as HEW Secretary Califano, the Carter welfare proposals would cost a "mere" $2.8 billion more than the present mix of programs. Almost immediately, however, congressional critics were able to show that the Carter welfare proposal would add some $14.7 billion to the current $20-billion welfare cost, an increase of 70 per cent. On top of that, Carter is proposing what amounts to a guaranteed annual income, plus the biggest public jobs program since the Depression. If Carter's 1976 electoral majority thought it was voting for anything like this, well, it was a carefully guarded secret.

On the important and symbolic Bakke case, involving reverse discrimination against American whites, the Carter Administration has flip-flopped disastrously under pressure. Initially, the Justice Department indicated that it favored Bakke, i.e., opposed racial discrimination against whites. Then Carter had a session with the congressional Black Caucus—whereupon the White House changed sides. The Carter Justice Department now finds itself making the baroque argument that Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which explicitly forbids racial discrimination, does not exclude discrimination against whites.

Not surprisingly, the Carter energy program is a shambles. A restrictive, almost entirely negative program of conservation, and based on an assumption of scarcity, the Carter program has nothing to say about the advancing energy technology vital to an expanding economy. Did the Club of Rome receive an electoral mandate in the presidential election of 1976? Judging by Carter's energy proposals, he apparently thinks it did. Congress does not agree.

Initially, Carter expressed a mild American nationalism in foreign policy. We were for human rights, and we would not react every time Brezhnev sneezed. Brezhnev did not have to sneeze. On his own, Carter has shelved human rights as applied to the Soviets, muted the American case at Belgrade, and apparently turned U.S. African policy over to Mondale and Young. Did American voters in 1976 really think that they were instructing the Executive Branch that U.S. foreign policy would henceforth be made in the General Assembly of the United Nations?

Carter has just canceled or postponed his long-projected foreign tour—to the relief and amusement, one gathers, of foreign leaders. Why did he do so, and so suddenly? To do battle, says the White House, for his hapless energy program. The timing and the style here are distinctly un-presidential.

What is the explanation of this serial fiasco? Carter is far from stupid, and nothing in his pre-presidential career suggests incompetence. The explanation is political. As a candidate, Carter's deliberate ambiguity was a device that held together a contradictory coalition: the organized liberal interests and an increasingly conservative national majority. But the device has now failed Carter. As a functioning Executive in Washington, Carter is simply too weak politically to resist the demands of liberal pressure groups. The cave-in has become his presidential trademark. He has been rolled by the Black Caucus, by the welfarist lobby, by big labor, by the maritime unions, by the reverse discriminators, by the middle-level Naderites and disarmers who honeycomb his Administration.

That is the political substance. And that is why, after almost a year in office, Carter shows a sharp decline in polls of all kinds, and why the *Atlantic Journal* describes him as "floundering from one disaster to another."

It turns out to be much more fitting than he could have known at the time that Carter canceled the playing of "Hail to the Chief."

# November 8: Wot Happened?

Not very much that you can grab hold of; no trend that will mean significant shifts in power in 1978. At stake were two state houses (in New Jersey and Virginia) and a couple of dozen mayoral slots. In the gubernatorial races it was a stand-off. The underdog Democrat in New Jersey, Governor Brendan Byrne, fought his way back from lackluster early season showings (with the help of media wizard David Garth) to win re-election against an uninspiring Republican contender, State Senator Ray Bateman. Byrne was stuck with having proposed and rammed through an unpopular income tax. Bateman was stuck with having no alternative to that income tax that sounded plausible to the voters. So New Jersey remains in the Democratic column.

In Virginia, the Republican contender John Dalton was the underdog. Running against him was the flamboyant populist, Democrat "Howlin'" Henry Howell, who carried with him the blessings of the Carter White House. Both Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter campaigned for Howell; around the White House in the spring, Hamilton Jordan and others wore Howell buttons. Howell, running for statewide office for the third time, continued to be the maverick; he campaigned against things dear to the hearts of many Virginians and his stump rhetoric (my opponent is "meaner than a junkyard dog") made him more enemies than friends. John Dalton swept to a landslide victory on the tide of dislike for Howell. As evidence of this, Howell's Democratic



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running-mate, Chuck Robb (Lyndon Johnson's son-in-law), will serve as John Dalton's lieutenant governor. Dalton's win adds up to a black eye politically for Jimmy Carter, whose enthusiastic endorsement of Howell apparently helped him not at all.

The major mayoral race of the year was in New York where Edward Koch, the Democratic candidate, scored an easy victory in a field of four. Koch got 50 per cent of the vote to 42 per cent for Mario Cuomo, running on the Liberal line, which left Republican Roy Goodman and Conservative Barry Farber to share the remaining 8 per cent. They each got 4 per cent with Goodman taking about two thousand more votes than Farber. The Conservatives and the Republicans were—well—wiped out. But another big loser in the race was New York Governor Hugh Carey, who played his cards wrong time after time. First Carey picked a fight with Democratic incumbent Abraham Beame. Then he chose Cuomo as his candidate. Then he rebuffed Ed Koch, stating that even if Koch won the Democratic nomination he, Carey, would support Cuomo on the Liberal line. Then Koch won the Democratic nomination. Then Carey both ungracefully and ungraciously abandoned Cuomo. Then Cuomo ended up fighting a pretty good race. The sidewalks of New York, East Side and West Side, were, as of November 9, crowded with enemies of Hugh Carey, who has his own rendezvous with the polls a year from now. As an added foul-up, the voters of New York State also turned down a major Carey-supported bond issue.

Results of various other referenda and initiatives—many of them significant—that were also decided on November 8 had not been reported as we went to press.

# Verification Please

Senator Culver and company have waxed exceeding wroth over alleged leaks by Senator Jackson's Armed Services Subcommittee. Culver et al. claim these might have a bad effect on the "SALT negotiations, which have reached a sensitive stage . . ." But since the Russians are no doubt well-informed about SALT (after all we *are* negotiating with *them*) it is not clear from whom Senator Culver wants to shield the facts. Surely not the American people?

In truth there is such a kaleidoscopic variety of available information on the SALT talks that one is at a loss to know where we stand, though Senator Jackson is worried that the deal being hatched is more advantageous to the Russians than to us. In all this we see and hear nothing, curiously enough, about verification. Of course we have highly sophisticated sensors and satellites which can monitor major explosions. But how will we know whether the Russians really destroy or simply conceal the three hundred long-range missiles they are supposed to destroy? Brezhnev simultaneously volunteers a total moratorium on nuclear explosions, but who has forgotten the first moratorium on atmospheric tests which the Russians suddenly ended with the *most violent* series of explosions in history? Preparations were completed secretly without our having gained any intelligence in advance. Maybe our monitoring technology is better now, but if so we should be told so.

No need to worry about *their* ability to verify *our* performance. They can supplement sophisticated technology with intelligence activities here and in countries allied to the U.S. Moreover, they can read the American press and the *Congressional Record*; they can read the journals of American scientists. Here is the greatest asymmetry of all—the principal obstacle to real detente, real peace—namely, the lack of mutually open societies. Until we have that, the cold war is not over—just ignored.

Perhaps Senator Jackson could perform a service by investigating the current state of our verification ability in relation to the new SALT treaty, whenever it is taken out of wraps and presented to the Senate.

# Time's Up

Last issue we denounced the current movement to extend the ERA ratification deadline as a shabby attempt to slither around constitutional restraints. Now we have been eloquently supported by two columnists of nearly opposite tempers, George Will (anti-ERA) and Garry Wills (pro-ERA).

Will makes many of the same arguments we made, principally that the fundamental law of the land is too important to alter frivolously or without broad support. He reminds his readers that the Supreme Court has pointed out that the approval of three-quarters of the states is supposed to be "contemporaneous," and that the ERA forces want it both ways: while they are willing to accept any ratification by a legislature, "however stale or slapdash," over a 14-year period, they insist that no rescission of a previous ratification should be regarded as valid. "Under that rule, a few late-ratifying legislatures could ram into the Constitution an amendment which, by then, at least three-fourths of the states might *disapprove*. That rule mocks the idea of 'contemporaneous' consensus, which can *only* be guaranteed by permitting

## They Crossed Their Hearts

Don't look now, folks, but the new
SS-20's aimed at you;
It's a missile hard to see
Thanks to its mobility.
Although Secretary Brown
Lately wears a little frown,
Jimmy Carter's not annoyed,
Since they said it's not deployed.

W. H. VON DREELE



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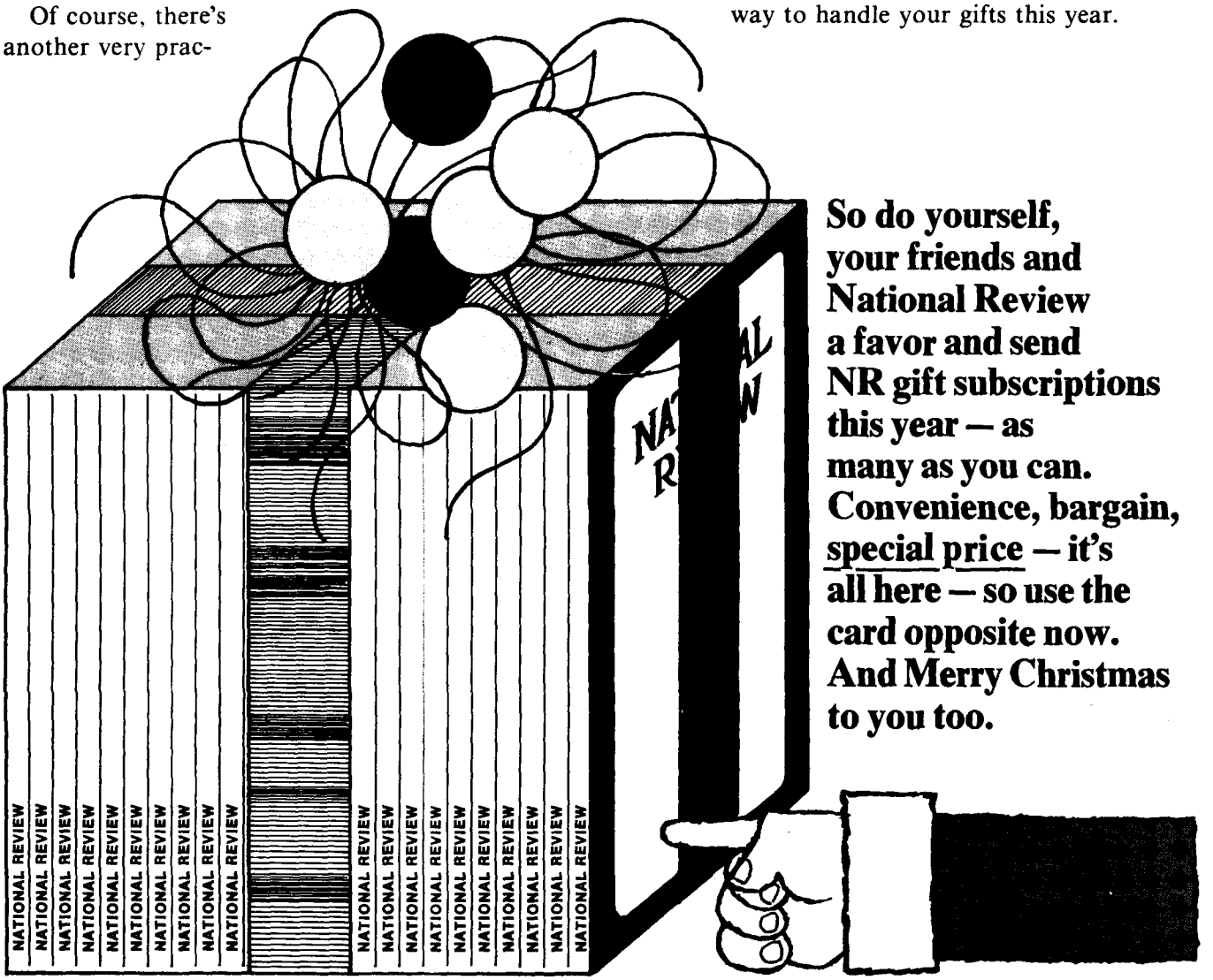


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states to rescind. Dragging out ratification over 14 years, and dragging states into a 'consensus' by disregarding their desire to rescind, produces a sham consensus." He predicts that passage of the vaguely worded amendment would result in an orgy of litigation and yet more of what Raoul Berger calls "government by judiciary."

Wills agrees with Will. "If the time is extended for lengthier consideration of the bill, how can reconsideration [by those who have already approved it] be ruled out? . . . If a mere rolling vote from various times and legislatures were accumulated, it would not reflect the nation's actual makeup in any one period." He adds: "Amendments can themselves be rescinded, even after they are ratified, as we found out in the case of Prohibition. If the nation as a whole can change its mind, why is a single state not allowed to, especially when the process of debate is being extended to encourage further reflection?"

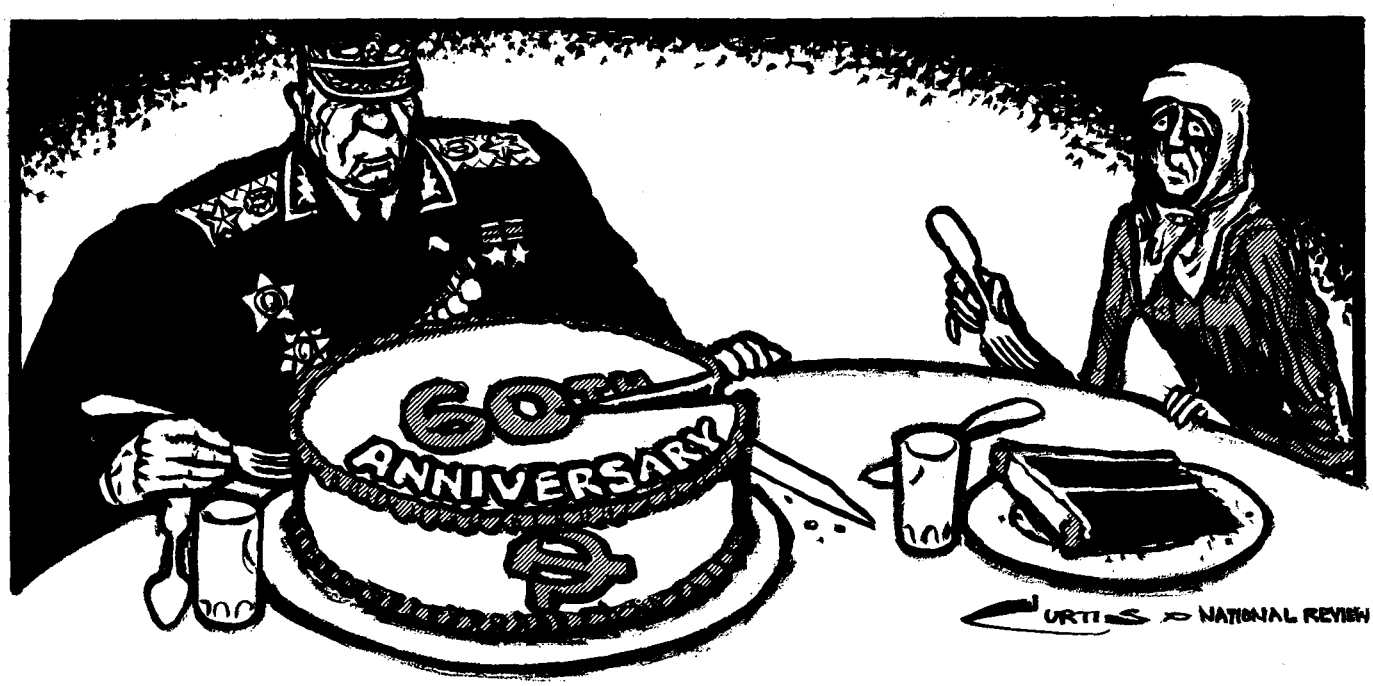
Bravo, George! Right on, Garry!

## Glimpse of the American Right

"Is America Turning to the Right?" *Newsweek* poses the question on a recent cover, and answers the question in the affirmative. With heavy qualifications, to be sure. But with evident approval—itself a striking symptom of the national mood, since the magazine was not long ago the object of conservative ire (including Spiro Agnew's) for its liberal slant on weekly events. Has *Newsweek* done a flip-flop?

Well, not quite. Not when it is citing Tom Hayden as an "ex-radical" merely for having said, "During the 1960s we fought the pigs. Now, we fight the high price of bacon." Even so, there has been a real shift in America, and *Newsweek* has not only observed it, it has joined it. The nation is not about to renounce the New Deal or even the Great Society; it has, for better or worse, taken its stand. But it is also having second thoughts, and is (as the politicians say) issuing certain clarifications. The liberal offensive is virtually over, having moved, as many have observed, from the legislative to the litigious arena, where it hopes its thousand and one proposals can be smuggled into law as "rights" guaranteed by the Constitution and hence exempt from republican procedures. Abortion, ERA, inflation, pornography, the Panama Canal, affirmative action—all are engendering fierce popular opposition. *Newsweek* is right to see all this as a massive change in the political atmosphere.

Still, the magazine is misleading in identifying the epiphenomena with the movement. It writes off the "traditional Right, as represented by William F. Buckley, or economist [and, by the way, *Newsweek* columnist] Milton Friedman," and says nothing about the important and populist New Right in its many manifestations. Moreover, it cites as embodiments of the liberal disenchantment an odd mélange: Jerry Brown, Irving Kristol, Michael Dukakis, James Q. Wilson, Edward Banfield, and others. Brown and Dukakis, like New York's Hugh Carey, are canny liberals who have the minimal sense to accommodate both the new mood and the exhaustion of the public's Will to Spend; it was Dukakis, after all, who announced the virtual canonization of Sacco and Vanzetti. As for Kristol et al., they are more than the mere "pragmatic" critics of liberal excess the article makes them out to be: they have offered profound theoretical attacks on the whole liberal idea of government-sponsored "social justice." Kristol in particular is a



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hugely sophisticated polemicist who combines depth of thought with an almost airily light touch, whose essays move quickly from levity to an incisiveness guaranteed to stagger any liberal cliché he draws a bead on. It is the mark of confusion to mix up him and his kind with opportunistic *lumpen*liberals. Still, nice to see them recognized, however dimly, even by journalistic name-droppers.

## Money Madness

The money supply (M-1) has been increasing at an annual rate of more than 9 per cent this year. Even if the increase in velocity slows to 3 per cent, continuing recent rates of money growth imply a rate of growth in nominal GNP of around 12 per cent. Even if real growth increases at a vigorous 5 per cent pace, the difference between a 12 per cent growth of spending and a 5 per cent growth of production implies at least a 7 per cent inflation. With more growth of velocity or less growth of production, inflation could easily be even worse.

Remarkably, the White House, the Joint Economic Committee, and their academic apologists have complained that the growth of money is not fast enough. Economists Andrew Brimmer and Charles Schultze hope that velocity won't increase much. But the rise in interest rates makes it more costly to hold idle funds in the form of currency or check deposits. Leonard Silk of the *New York Times* suggests that people are just holding more money because of insecurity, and therefore won't spend it all. But that doesn't explain why they would leave money in checking accounts, rather than in interest-earning savings accounts.

The Joint Economic Committee and Walter Heller argue that the "real" money supply hasn't increased in the past five years. That just means that the Federal Reserve can't print money fast enough to keep ahead of the resulting inflation—which has been equally true of all the worst inflations in history. Professor Lester Thurow complains that M-1 has not increased as rapidly as nominal GNP over the past two and a half years. But GNP always grows more rapidly than M-1, which is just another way of saying that velocity has an upward trend. Attempts to increase M-1 as rapidly as GNP, or to increase the real money supply by increasing money much faster than inflation, would just leave money and inflation chasing each other ever-upward.

Congress and the Administration have bungled badly by giving us a gargantuan budget and off-budget deficit, which is raising Treasury borrowing and interest rates. The Federal Reserve bungled badly by buying too much of the government's deficit, thereby creating a blatantly inflationary increase in bank reserves, loans, and deposits. But the worst of the bunch are those who would have the Federal Reserve print money even faster. The end result could only be an even more rapid sinking of the dollar, more trade deficits, more flight from productive investments into gold, and higher inflation that would soon be reflected in higher interest rates. In 1972 equally irresponsible advice could be excused as the result of ignorance. Today, the arguments for more inflation are too conspicuously deceptive to permit so charitable an interpretation.

## Scrutinizing Howard Baker

Response-wise, he's reacting by the book:
While Jimmy's on the outs with all the Jews,
He moves in with that lean and hungry look,
Articulating pro-Israeli views.
His timing tends to hit the evening news,
And certainly the Senator has charm.
Moreover, in the short run he can't lose—
But does this help the GOP re-arm?
Consider all the anguish on the farm;
Consider Bakke, quotas, and the bus.
I wish the man would register alarm
On issues more within my radius.
His tactics have the earmarks of a ploy,
And all we need's another clever *goy*.

W. H. VON DREELE

## The Right to Intervene

"Panama cannot agree to the right of the United States to intervene." This was the key sentence in the text of a confidential cable to the State Department that was made public by Senator Robert Dole, a leading figure among the senators who have declared themselves against ratification of the proposed new Canal treaties. It was attributed to the chief Panamanian negotiator, Carlos López Guevara, and has become, since Dole's disclosure, the primary focus of the ongoing debate.

The joint statement issued by Presidents Carter and Torrijos after their meeting in Washington expanded and subtly modified the Guevara affirmation. None of the provisions for Canal defense, the joint statement declared, should be "interpreted as a right of intervention of the United States *in the internal affairs of Panama*" (*NR*'s emphasis). The joint statement further declares, as do the two treaties themselves, that both the U.S. and Panama will "defend the Canal against any threat" to its "neutrality" or to "the peaceful transit of vessels through the Canal."

The absence of a "right of intervention" is probably the most effective point that opponents of the treaties are making in the campaign against ratification. Most of us believe that, whatever other changes might be necessary



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or acceptable in the Canal's status, our government should retain the right to take action to protect the integrity of the Canal in the event of a serious threat from any quarter. So believing, many of us feel it unacceptable that there should be any ambiguity about this right in the Treaty text.

The truth is that some ambiguity on this point is inevitable. If we take the position that the Treaty must be rejected unless it explicitly affirms a unilateral U.S. right to intervene, then the Treaty unquestionably is going to be rejected. The proposed Treaty with Panama assures full Panamanian sovereignty over the Canal and Zone by the end of the century. To assert that another government had an unrestricted "right to intervene" would be a contradiction: sovereignty *means*—formally—that no other power has a right to decide what happens within the sovereign's jurisdiction. But more than this formal point is involved in the case of a Latin American government. In Latin America—not surprisingly in the light of its history—*intervención* is a poison-word. No political leader could grant any outside government a *right* of *intervención* without getting his political head chopped off. That is why, when U.S. armed forces swarmed into the Dominican Republic in Lyndon Johnson's time, all parties concerned were very careful that the word "intervention" was never uttered.

Under the proposed treaties, the U.S. does have explicitly, however, the right—and, indeed, the duty—to defend the neutrality of the Canal. If the President of the U.S. judged that neutrality to be threatened, it would therefore be his right and duty to take whatever steps he considered necessary to defend it. That would not, of course, be "intervention," much less *intervención*, but merely the fulfillment of international obligations entered into under bilateral and multilateral treaties and the covenant of the United Nations, to preserve peace and the right of peaceful passage for all nations.

One should never underestimate the verbal ingenuity of diplomats.

# The Importance of Richard Helms

The case of Richard Helms is a many-faceted legal, philosophical, political, and social crystal which lies at the junction of several cleavages in American society. It deserves better than Judge Parker's shallow comparison to Nuremberg. Helms was not brought to account for any heinous crimes but was trapped by his inability to wiggle out of a Catch-22 conflict of obligations. Examination of such a conflict leads inevitably from one level to another and then to another, from the simplistic unidimensional vision of Judge Parker on up to the most complex of philosophical dilemmas.

There was a real conflict of legal obligations, although some have argued that had Helms not wanted to be ambassador to Iran he could have avoided Senate questioning. This, of course, ignores the possibility that the President may have been determined to appoint Helms an ambassador—thus imposing another kind of obligation. Further, it avoids the question of whether an individual who has performed dutifully at the CIA is thereby precluded from future public service, an injustice both to the individual and to his country.

Running through much discussion of the Helms affair, moreover, is a curious splenetic strain of resentment against what is regarded as special treatment for "big shots" or, as Tom Wicker calls it, the "long record [starting from Agnew—not Senator Edward Kennedy—and running through Watergate] of lenient law for the high and mighty." But is the practice of taking circumstances into account and applying lesser punishments for reduced charges so unusual? And is it confined to "the high and mighty"? Every day thousands of charges are either dropped or reduced in order to clear clogged dockets or to avoid immobilizing breadwinners and splitting needy families, or to take account of social circumstances. Indeed many variations are today played on the theme that, since accused persons are really victims of the society that made them what they are, they therefore should not be punished. But didn't society and the government, including the Congress, put Helms in the position he was in?

If Helms withheld information demanded in discharge of one obligation in order to satisfy another, what of the journalist who withholds information from a court in order to satisfy another obligation, namely, his own interpretation of the First Amendment?

On another level, perhaps the Helms case reflects an historical transition in America, distinguished by the lack of consensus on what course we should pursue, in Chile or elsewhere. Not many years ago the American people had a general consensus and would have favored action, covert or overt, designed to help non-Communist people in danger of subjection. They—and the Congress—would have excoriated anyone who unnecessarily compromised operations conducted in support of such a policy. Not so today. Today it is fashionable to excoriate one's own society, government, and friends, while giving Communist tyrannies the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps Helms was simply caught in the transition and was held liable today for things which in another time would have been lauded. During such a transition, legal forms governing the exercise of responsibility may not keep up with rapidly changing circumstances.

This is neither to excuse nor to condemn Helms but only to suggest that what Judge Parker's tunnel vision sees as Nuremberg all over again and such columnists as Garry Wills and Tom Wicker see as simple favoritism for the "high and mighty" is really a microcosm of life to-



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day—with both Greek-tragic and Dostoyevskian aspects.

And while we're on the subject of making full and accurate disclosure, what did President Carter mean on September 29? He told us (not under oath) that the Attorney General "has not consulted with me nor given me any advice on the Helms question. I have no way to know yet the seriousness of the offense." Yet the Attorney General tells us that on July 25 he told President Carter that there was a prosecutable offense and "the President authorized us to determine the feasibility and possibility of plea-bargaining."

See what we mean?

# First Amendment Pixillation

Freedom of the press is in mortal peril again, this time out in Kansas, where pseudonymous postal officials tricked New York pornographer Al Goldstein into mailing them his brainchildren, *Screw* and *Smut*. Civil libertarians are swarming to the defense of Goldstein and his former partner, one James Buckley (don't even ask), who are now on trial on federal charges of mailing obscene materials. "*Screw* is a despicable publication," says Harvard's Alan Dershowitz, "but that's what the First Amendment was designed to protect." False. That's what the First Amendment is currently *used* to protect, but . . . well, class, let's have a short review

Until very recently nobody suggested that the First Amendment had been intended to protect obscenity. Or that it should be *stretched* to protect it. As for the first point, the record is clear: obscenity, like incitement to riot, has traditionally been illegal. And the intentions of the Framers are limned with shocking clarity in Leonard Levy's *Legacy of Suppression*. Judge Wolsey's famous ruling in *Ulysses*, let it be recalled, denied that *Ulysses* was obscene simply as a matter of fact (more emetic than aphrodisiac, he sniffed), without faintly suggesting that nothing was obscene, or that the law should not take cognizance of—and punish—obscene publications. As a matter of fact, the U.S. struggled along for almost two centuries uninundated by the likes of *Screw*, and is it suggested that during those years American thought was stultified? As for the contention that the First Amendment should be stretched, well, that is incompatible with the principle of the rule of law. Let those who want it changed get another Amendment. Of course they can't: their whole case depends heavily on forging a phony constitutional pedigree for their libertarianism, and only deludes people because they have succeeded in intimating that the Constitution has already committed us, whether we like it or not, to . . . *Screw*.

Yet here is Geoffrey Stone of the University of Chicago: "If a publisher wants to play it safe, he has to attempt to figure out what is the most restrictive, conservative notion of obscenity in the country and not publish anything that violates that standard. The net effect is that the rights of citizens in every other location are impaired." And Dershowitz: "Any community can act as the censor of any other community—that's small-town censorship." If *Screw* is illegal in Paw Paw, Michigan, you see, it will be impossible or unprofitable to publish it in New York, and the mind of every American is manacled. One might as well argue that the remaining dry counties in Kansas inexorably will bring Prohibition back to New York. Actually it is the "libertarian" forces who are battling to impose a single rule everywhere—and who, in the name of "individual" rights, would deny citizens the right to act as a community for certain purposes. As usual, their demand for "freedom" is for a kind of freedom that in fact must come at the expense of a structural principle of real freedom: the principle of federalism.

By all means *do* shed a tear for the First Amendment —not because it is threatened in Kansas, but because it is expounded in the nation's top law schools by such minds as those of Messrs. Stone and Dershowitz.

## Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Not only is Mr. Massee ["Notes & Asides," Oct. 28] a bloody Norwegian, but a bleeding Norwegian Mainiac besides.

Sincerely,
Annette Langley
Breckenridge, Colo.

■ Dear Kilpo [James J. Kilpatrick]:

A splendid column on Cornell. However, I disagree that a letter cannot be both verbose and redundant. Verbosity need not be redundant. Correct?

But I would write more confidently if it were not that you are Number One, being addressed by your faithful servant,

Number Two

Numero Uno:

I venture no positive pronouncements on this difficult issue. My tentative feeling is that it is quite possible to be redundant without being verbose, but I would think it difficult to be verbose without being redundant.

To say, as so many of our friends in broadcasting so often say, that a meeting will be held "at 10 A.M. in the morning" is to fall headlong into redundancy. But this is not verbosity.



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I encounter verbosity (or what strikes me as verbosity) whenever I travel to the Senate press gallery and spend an hour marveling at the butter and marmalade professions on the floor. "Permit me to yield, Mr. President, to my able and distinguished friend, the senior senator from thus-and-so, for whom I entertain the highest regard and the warmest admiration. Indeed, Mr. President, I must say that no member of this deliberative body is held in higher regard, or more justifiably so, than my brilliant and erudite colleague, to whom I deferentially yield such time as he may require." That is verbosity; it is also redundancy.

I am supported in these impressions by the lexicographers of *Webster's*. Under the heading of "redundant," they encourage us to seek amplification under "wordy." At "wordy," we are educated in the subtleties that distinguish *wordy*, *verbose*, *prolix*, *diffuse*, and *redundant*. From these first cousins we are led to a remarkable array of second cousins, great-uncles, step-sisters, and great-aunts once removed: *tedious*, *garrulous*, *repetitious*, *loquacious*, and so forth. From all this I conclude that there are times, alas, when I am both verbose and redundant, while you, my mentor, are merely richly detailed.

Deferentially,
James J. Kilpatrick

Dear Kilpo: We ought to put our act on the road. Herewith a trial balloon. Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Bill:
Others talk. Mailer acts. Joe [Sobran]

■ Dear Bill:

I remember a column you wrote a while back in which you clucked about unseemly familiarity in modes of personal address. I agree with you. In fact, I'm rather standoffish myself; I've been at Dartmouth for over a month now, and I haven't even met Jeffrey Hart. Oh, I've *seen* him, but I haven't actually met him, and when I do I'll certainly call him Mr. Hart, at least to begin with.

But I presume to call you Bill. There are several reasons. I did actually meet you once, years and years ago —you were on the lecture circuit at St. Michael's College in Winooski, Vermont (and you spoke very well). Also, I got a nice little note from you several years back, in which you signed yourself "Bill." I had responded to your annual appeal for funds to keep *NR* afloat by saying that I wished I could kick in a hundred or two but I didn't have any money (I was writing my dissertation at the time and really didn't have any money —still don't). Your reply was a gracious gesture, and it made me feel as though I knew you a little better. In fact, as an almost-charter subscriber to *NR* and a regular viewer of *Firing Line* I feel that over the years I have grown to know the contours of your mind excruciatingly well.

Still, I don't think I would be calling you Bill even now if it weren't for the startling familiarity with which you greet me, through your subalterns, every other week when I rush to the mailbox to pick up my copy of *NR*. What do I see?:

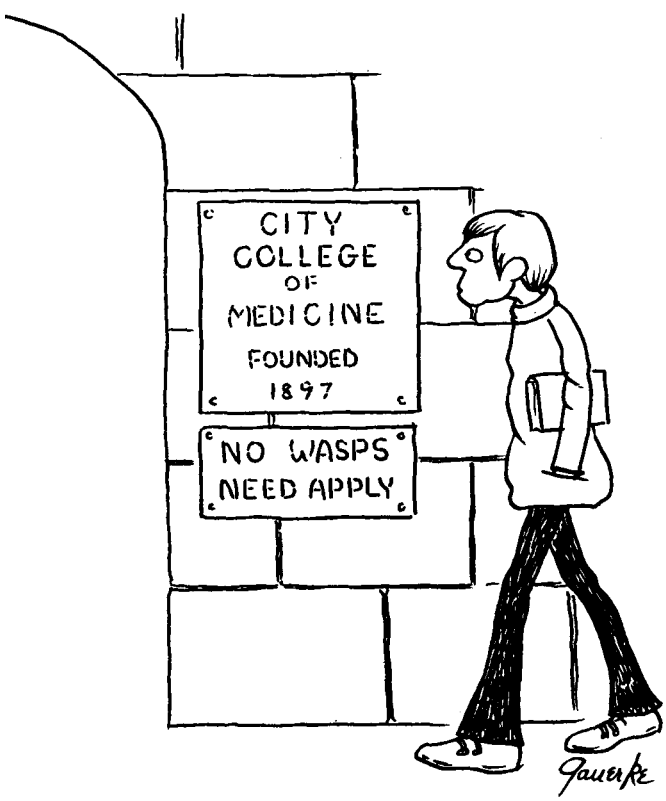
```
M BRWN001R  010 7721 - 3 25 -
ROBERT E BROWNE
CLAREMONT ANUS
1 VALIANT WINTER ST
CLAREMONT NH  03743
```

Never mind that this perfectly captures my feelings about Claremont, New Hampshire; do you think you could send future issues in a plain brown wrapper with the address on the inside? Or change it to "Arms"? Or talk to Mr. McFadden? Him I shall continue to address with decorous formality. Thanks, Bill.

Yours appreciatively,
Robert E. "Bob" Browne
English Department
Dartmouth College

Dear Bob: I checked with Jim McFadden. He is awfully busy, and began by muttering something that sounded like "Up Claremont." But he was mollified, the correction will be made, and he says you can call him Jim. Cordially. Bill

**—WFB**



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# The Canal: Interim Notes

## The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

I CAN'T SAY that either side in the Great Debate over the new Canal treaties has overwhelmed me by the cogency of its arguments. In a lengthy political dispute the rhetoric always rises to the "fate of the country" level, but *in re* these treaties, objectively considered, the choice between pro and con seems to me a close thing. Flipping a coin would probably be as good a way as any to settle it, and would be a lot easier on all of us.

The choice is between evils, like most choices in this vale of tears. They are unsatisfactory treaties from whatever side you look at them—and that goes for the Panamanian side, too, as the big dissenting vote on them, in a nation where dissent is not encouraged, plainly showed. However, they're the best the negotiators could come up with. Since they worked on them for 14 years, it's a bit utopian to suppose we could get anything much better by another try.

The "we" in that last sentence necessarily means Panama as well as the United States. There are at least two parties to a treaty, and that's where the trouble starts. Nation A could get a treaty with nation B that was ideal from A's point of view only if A's interests in the matter covered by the treaty were identical with B's interests. In that case there would be no need for a treaty. In practice a treaty is always a compromise arrived at by bargaining.

### *Troubles on All Azimuths*

The choice before the Senate, acting under the Constitution, is whether to ratify or not to ratify. Ratification means accepting two imperfect treaties that offer no guarantee against future difficulties. That, however, is not sufficient ground for refusing to ratify. To complete the logic of rejection, it must be shown that refusing to ratify promises fewer or less serious difficulties.

The critics of the treaties have so far confined themselves to the first half of the demonstration. They have pointed out probable and possible difficulties consequent on ratification. They have not proved that these are less grave than the difficulties rejection might bring. Surely Senator Hayakawa is right in predicting that there are likely to be continuing difficulties whichever alternative is chosen.

It seems almost self-evident that, in the region of the Canal itself at least, rejection would bring more difficulties than ratification. For one thing, we would make enemies by rejecting, and would be giving them effective ammunition.

Reflecting on these treaties, I find that two quite simple points influence me more than the elaborate historical, legal, and strategic arguments. Those arguments are mostly balanced by counterarguments, but the two simple points—one of them almost simple-minded—have no opposite numbers. As it happens, both are in the conservative mode—the traditionalist, common sense conservatism of Michael Oakeshott, Edmund Burke, and Samuel Johnson.

The negotiations for these treaties have gone on under five Presidents: John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Jimmy Carter. All of these Presidents and all citizens interested in political affairs knew that the purpose of the negotiations was to work out a formula for turning the Canal over to Panama and affirming Panama's formal sovereignty over the Canal Zone. No one demanded an end to the negotiations, and until a few months ago no one made any noticeable fuss over their objective. Those five Presidents cover a very large portion of our political spectrum: just about every voting citizen will have voted for at least one of them.

No one denies that the Senate has the power under the Constitution to reject a treaty. However, no one is required to use a power merely because he possesses it. Through the normal conduct of our political life over a 14-year period, the commitment to a shift in the Canal's status became, de facto, the policy of the U.S., and was so understood by the rest of the world, in particular by the Latin American nations. You can't dismiss this five-President sponsorship offhand. By our Constitution the President is both chief of state and head of government, and is charged with the conduct of foreign policy. If it were one President (as in Woodrow Wilson's case) or two Presidents of the same party and philosophy, there need be no impropriety in rejecting a signed treaty—as has happened a number of times in our history. But a nation cannot have an effective foreign policy if no one can be sure it won't suddenly repudiate what has in fact been and been understood, with good reason, to be a settled commitment.

### *What's Done and Not Done*

The second of these simplicities is a more or less intuitive feeling hard to reduce to words. I feel that the 1903-model Panama Canal set-up is obsolete. There are subtler, less direct ways of long distance control, but the exercise of such open absentee sovereign power is out of historical phase. You just don't do that sort of thing nowadays.

The dispute over the treaties is in considerable degree factitious. Everyone realizes that the momentum of the campaign against ratification derives less from objective analysis of the treaties' defects than from the belief that it is a hot political issue for Republicans and conservatives to ride. My guess is that the amount of heat latent in the treaties issue is overestimated. The interest of the general public is already cooling; when the senators and publicists go into top gear a few months from now, they may find themselves pulling more yawns than applause. And in truth, voting the treaties up or down is not going to decide the fate of our country *or* of the Canal. For the longer run, there is less in this dispute than meets the ear and eye.

Jimmy Carter deserves to lose this one—and probably will—after his pseudo-blitz to sign up support before the text had even been completed and his cheesy publicity stunts like the trumpeted Torrijos meeting (and meaningless communiqué). Nevertheless, I'll still cast one rather feeble vote For. □



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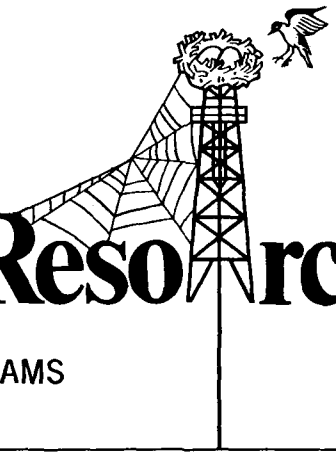
RUNNING OUT

# THE Problem of Exhaustible Resources



STEPHEN F. WILLIAMS

ARE WE LIKELY to "run out" of oil? of iron ore? of other exhaustible resources? The debate is energetic, but, as I shall try to show, it is bound to be inconclusive and largely beside the point. It begs the real question: Which institutions are best suited to deal with the uncertainty about future discoveries of new reserves?

Positions on the exhaustion issue can, as a rule, be handily classified as Pessimistic or Optimistic. The Pessimists point to the obvious fact that the physical supply of these resources is shrinking. Once a barrel of oil is used—for fuel, synthetic fibers, whatever—it is no longer there. Even if the resource can be recycled, there is bound to be some loss in the process. Some amount is used up and disappears, forever.

The Optimists usually counter by shifting the focus away from sheer physical quantity. They turn instead to the trend in known, commercially extractable reserves. Here, they point to a pattern of steady increase; in the case of some resources, a dramatic increase. The following table, from the report of the National Commission on Supplies and Shortages, is suggestive:

**How "Known Reserves" Alter**

| Ore | Known Reserves in 1950 (1,000 Metric Tons) | Cumulative Production 1950-70 (1,000 Metric Tons) | Known Reserves in 1970 (1,000 Metric Tons) | Percentage Increase in Known Reserves 1950-70 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Iron | 19,000,000 | 9,355,000 | 251,000,000 | 1,221 |
| Manganese | 500,000 | 194,000 | 635,000 | 27 |
| Chromite | 100,000 | 82,000 | 755,000 | 675 |
| Tungsten | 1,903 | 630 | 1,328 | –30 |
| Copper | 100,000 | 80,000 | 279,000 | 179 |
| Lead | 40,000 | 48,000 | 86,000 | 115 |
| Zinc | 70,000 | 70,000 | 113,000 | 61 |
| Tin | 6,000 | 3,800 | 6,600 | 10 |
| Bauxite | 1,400,000 | 505,000 | 5,300,000 | 279 |
| Potash | 5,000,000 | 216,000 | 118,000,000 | 2,360 |
| Phosphates | 26,000,000 | 1,011,000 | 1,178,000,000 | 4,430 |
| Oil | 75,000,000 | 180,727,000 | 455,000,000 | 507 |

And the Optimists find further confirmation in the price trends of raw materials relative to the price of labor, as shown in the table on the facing page.

To all this, the Pessimists reply by saying, in essence, One swallow does not a summer make. They suggest that the 1900-1970 pattern is more probably a blip than a long-run trend. Or, in a lovely new phrase, they depict us as now enjoying "an energy bubble."

The Pessimists normally go on to make the express assumption that if they *may* be right—if there is even a remote chance that they may be right—the solution is government intervention: taxes raising the price (and reducing demand) and regulations requiring conservation. The Optimists rarely bother to question this assumption.

On the factual issue—will discoveries continue to exceed consumption?—the answer is clouded in mystery. Surely there is at least *some* chance that the Pessimists are right. The fact that abundance has increased for a long time is no assurance at all that it will continue to increase indefinitely. So, equally surely, it makes sense to inquire into the Pessimists' core assumption about government intervention, accepting for the moment their belief about future discoveries.

The Pessimists' assumption is based on a general notion that profit-maximizing resource-owners are likely to proceed at a wastefully rapid rate of exploitation. They are motivated by greed, say the Pessimists, and have only short-range vision. These sorry characteristics are implicitly contrasted to the altruistic, long-range vision of an abstraction called "the government."

Does this implicit contrast hold up? We can tell only by exploring in some detail how an individual resource-holder might go about deciding when and what to extract. Let us suppose him to be motivated exclusively by greed. (Perhaps wildcatters are in it partly for the thrills of wildcatting. But, for the most part, the assumption of sheer, unmitigated greed will probably come close enough for reasonable accuracy in predicting behavior.) Treating greed as a constant, then, we ought to look at the resource-holder's behavior under the different sets of expectations about future discoveries: first, that everyone agrees there will be no new discoveries of the resource at all; second, that everyone foresees plentiful new discoveries going on into the indefinite future; and third, that there is a great range of expectations on the subject of new discoveries.

In a world where no new oil is anticipated, let us picture an owner with an oil reservoir that cost him $100,000. It contains 100,000 barrels of oil, which he could extract this year at a cost of $5 a barrel (or $500,000 for the lot), and



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**Price of Minerals Relative to Average Cost of Labor**

| | 1900 | 1920 | 1940 | 1950 | 1960 | 1970 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Copper | 785 | 226 | 121 | 99 | 82 | 100 |
| Iron | 620 | 287 | 144 | 112 | 120 | 100 |
| Zinc | 794 | 400 | 272 | 256 | 126 | 100 |
| Aluminum | 3,150 | 859 | 287 | 166 | 134 | 100 |
| Crude Petroleum | 1,034 | 726 | 198 | 213 | 135 | 100 |

BASE 1970 = 100

sell for $10 a barrel (or $1 million for the lot). Obviously he stands to make a packet by pumping the oil and selling it off.

But wait a minute. We said he was greedy. If so, then there is another calculation he must make: how does extracting the oil now compare with waiting till next year?* Suppose he suspects that next year the market price will be $10.25 a barrel (constant dollars—i.e., disregarding general price inflation). He assumes that extraction costs for this reserve will remain unchanged (in constant dollars). On these calculations, the picture confronting him looks like this:

| | This Year | Next Year |
|---|---|---|
| Market Price | $1,000,000 | $1,025,000 |
| Extraction Costs | 500,000 | 500,000 |
| Net Value | $500,000 | $525,000 |

Then his problem is how to compare $500,000 this year with $525,000 next year. This is normally done by looking at the prevalent interest rate—to see whether the proceeds of immediate extraction would, if invested at the market interest rate, grow so as to equal the value he would obtain by holding the reserve and extracting next year. Since our resource-owner has up until this point been considering everything in constant dollars, his choice of a relevant interest rate must be in comparable terms. Consequently, he will choose the real interest rate—i.e., he will adjust the nominal market interest rate by removing the component reflecting expectations that a dollar lent today will be worth less when paid back next year. Thus a reasonable process would be to take the present rate on high-quality corporate bonds (8 per cent), lop off 5 per cent as the adjustment for expected depreciation of the dollar, and take 3 per cent as the real interest rate.

Applying that interest rate, our hypothetical owner sees that if he extracts now and invests the proceeds, he will have $515,000; while if he holds his reservoir and extracts next year, he will have $525,000. Thus greed seems to tell him to hold on.

But not so fast! Suppose he wants cash now—a circumstance that must be true for many resource-owners. If a private owner, he may have mouths to feed—or palaces to build. If a corporation, it will have dividends to pay, and stockholders to placate. Will the owner not extract now, even at the cost of forgoing these future rewards?

No—unless he is stupid as well as greedy. If he expects that the reservoir will have a net value of $525,000 next year, it seems likely that he will be able to find someone who shares that view. (If he can't, perhaps he will want to rethink his view that it will be worth $525,000 next year.) When he finds someone who shares his view and whose need for cash is less pressing, he ought to be able to sell him the reservoir now, for more than $500,000. After all, the prospective buyer can improve his position by selling any asset that is paying only the market rate of return, and using the proceeds to buy the reservoir. If the real market rate of return is 3 per cent, for example, a buyer can profit by buying the well for any price lower than $525,000 discounted to present value—or about $509,700. Thus a sale by the present owner at any price greater than $500,000 and less than $509,700 will be profitable for both the present owner (who wants the money) and the buyer (who wants the money, but is willing to wait). And what is most important, *the new buyer will not extract the oil.* That would be stupid. All he would get is this year's proceeds—$500,000. By waiting until next year, he can make more than the market rate of return.

Of course some reserves will not be rising so rapidly in value. Consider an owner with a 100,000-barrel reservoir who is facing a current price of $10 a barrel and extraction costs of $1 a barrel. If he too believes that the price next year will be $10.25, then he has an asset whose net value today is $900,000 and whose expected net value next year will be $925,000. A quick computation shows that his expected rate of return from holding the asset will be only 2.78 per cent, or less than what appears to be the real interest rate. He will presumably extract.

This method of calculation may seem foreign and peculiar. Certainly the vocal participants in the present debate on energy do not trouble themselves with such calculations. Yet it is a process which, for many commodities, is going on every day. It is the same process that enables families to buy bread in the supermarket months after the last wheat has been harvested: traders have held wheat back for deferred milling because they have anticipated the prospect of future sales—months after harvesting has ceased.

The 1976-77 surge in the price of coffee demonstrates the process dramatically. On news that the future crop would fall short of normal, the current price rose—forcing a cutback in current consumption. This happened even

*(Continues on page 1358)*

*Mr. Williams has taught law at the University of Colorado since 1969. Before that he practiced law in New York City, with a private law firm and later as an Assistant United States Attorney. A more detailed analysis of this subject will appear in the January 1978 issue of the University of Chicago's* Journal of Legal Studies.

*Oil is an appealing example because of the current anxiety over its exhaustion. It is also a tricky one. When more than one owner has rights in a single reservoir, each may be under the temptation to withdraw oil as fast as possible for fear that, if he does not, other owners' extraction of oil will drain it away from his segment of the reservoir. Under the "Rule of Capture" he will have no remedy against them, and his rights against them under state "conservation" legislation are likely to be very limited. "Unitization" of oil fields largely corrects for this problem, but under present law it may be difficult or impossible to obtain. See Stephen L. McDonald, *Petroleum Conservation in the United States: An Economic Analysis* (Johns Hopkins, 1971). For simplicity's sake, I assume throughout that the owner controls the entire reservoir.



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# help!!!!

"Can you look me straight in the eye and say you honestly oppose publicly financed task forces for recommending ways of eliminating Frustrations from Prison Life, overstaffed committees appointed to ignore Milton Friedman and the $544 Billion Debt, unremitting support for the independence of anti-Western Aboriginals in inverse proportion to their capacity for self-government, Easing Tensions by rewarding Illiteracy with the Franchise, Wall-to-Wall Forgiveness, and really believe that officious efforts to expose massive Welfare and Health Care Fraud aren't Unpatriotic, and that conversations like this haven't been Fruitful?"



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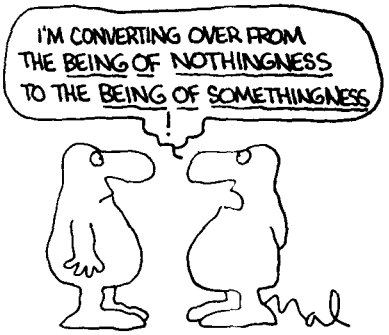
"WHEN WE'RE GOOD AND READY ... NOW BEAT IT!"




## Mr. Califano Explains

Sure, a chicken ain't a turkey
And a mouse is not a rat;
Turkeys sport a crimson wattle,
And a rat is rather fat.
I can even spot a flounder
When they serve it as a "sole,"
But I have to say I cannot
Tell a quota from a goal.

W. H. VON DREELE

*"Dammit, Denis! Haven't you got anything shabbier? I'm trying to keep down with the Joneses."*

***"Today's story is rather explicit and may be offensive to some. Anyone wishing to be excused may go sit in the corner."***



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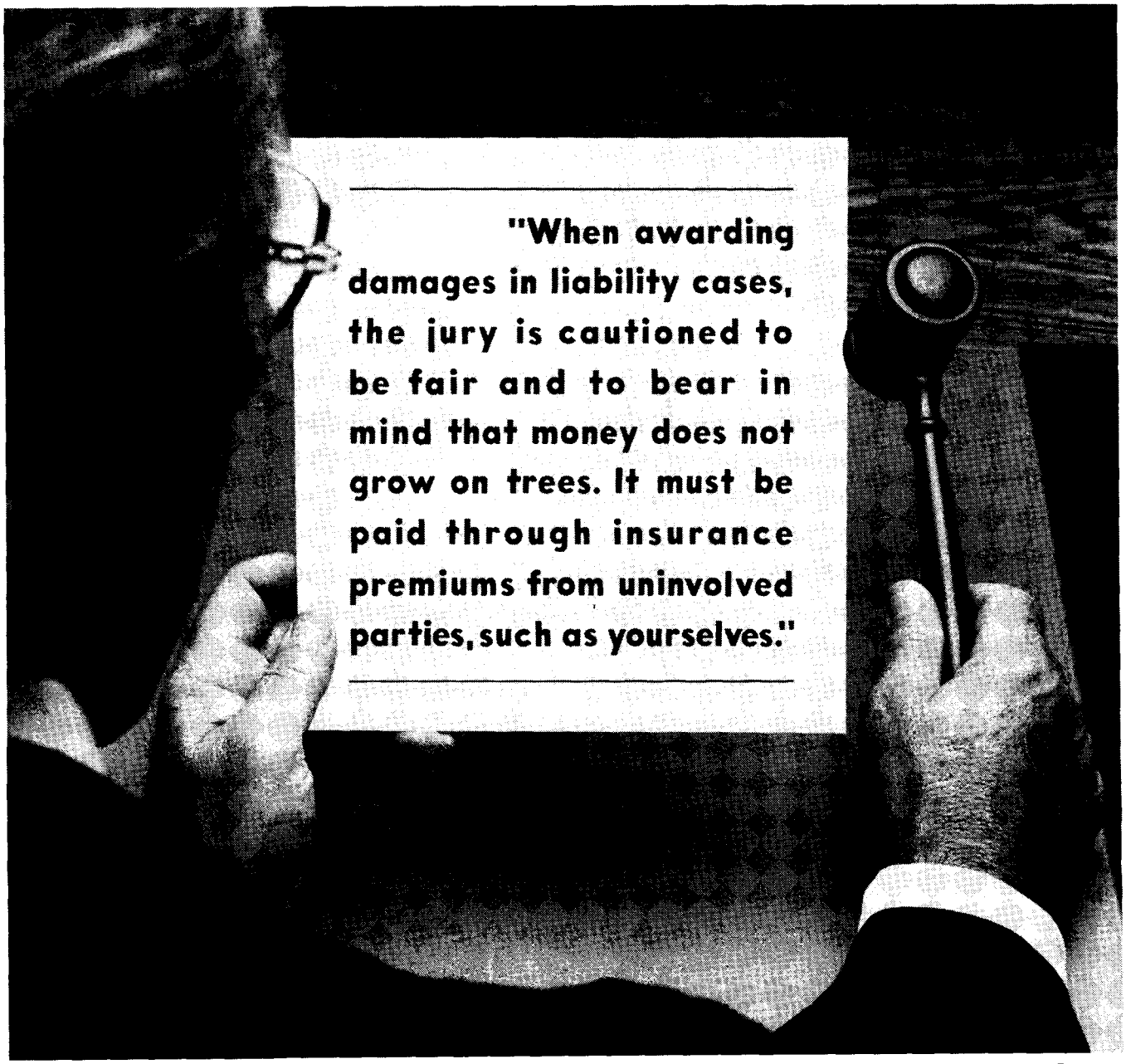
"When awarding damages in liability cases, the jury is cautioned to be fair and to bear in mind that money does not grow on trees. It must be paid through insurance premiums from uninvolved parties, such as yourselves."

# Too bad judges can't read this to a jury.

In a small Florida town, a decorative boulder rests on the median of a road. A man with three drinks in him and no sleep for 18 hours smashes his car headlong into it. *A jury orders the town to pay him $4.7 million in damages.*[1]

A truck without brake lights is hit from behind. For

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"psychic damages" to the driver, because his pride was hurt when his wife had to work, *a jury awards $480,000 above and beyond his medical bills and wage losses.*

Then there's the one...but *you* can probably provide the next example. Most of us know hair-raising stories of windfall awards won in court.[2] Justified claims should be compensated, of course. Ætna's point is that it is time to look hard at what windfall awards are costing.[3]

What can we do? Several things:

We can stop assessing "liability" where there really *was* no fault—and express our sympathy for victims through other means.

We can ask juries to take into account a victim's *own* responsibility for his losses. And we can urge that awards realistically reflect the actual loss suffered—that they be a fair *compensation,* but not a reward.[4]

Insurers, lawyers, judges—each of us shares some blame for this mess. But it is you, the public, who can best begin to clean it up. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

# Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

[1] This case is being appealed by the town. In addition to the court-awarded damages, two other defendants (the contractor and the county) settled out of court for an additional $1.15 million. This illustrates how extravagant jury-awarded damages set a standard for extravagant *out-of-court* settlements—the real problem, since most liability cases *are* settled out of court.

[2] A by-product of such awards has been a quantum leap in the number of personal injury and property damage suits filed. A 1976 study in California shows such suits increasing at *five times the rate of population growth.*

[3] Most awards are paid by insurance, and insurance companies spend millions more defending policyholders against lawsuits. The direct result is rising premiums for automobile and other liability coverages. The *indirect* result is higher prices for goods and services—prices which are boosted to cover the skyrocketing insurance premiums of manufacturers, doctors, hospitals, and others who are targets for windfall awards.

[4] For example, it would help if juries were simply required to take into account payments the claimant has already received for medical bills and lost wages. Under the present system, these bills may be paid all over again.

Ætna Life & Casualty,
151 Farmington Avenue,
Hartford, CT 06156

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

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(Continued from page 1353)

though the current physical supply of coffee and the current demand were unchanged. Why? When people learned that next year's supply would be deficient, they bid up the price of coffee to be delivered in the future ("coffee futures"). Owners of coffee saw that they could profit by holding some of this year's coffee for sale next year. As a result of those decisions to defer sale, the coffee supply available for current consumption was reduced. Since present demand for coffee was no less than before, the price rose, and present consumers cut back on their purchases.

*In a word, the market mechanism translates expectations of future scarcity into actions of present conservation.*

What is the relation between the current and the future price of a resource that is being rationed in this way? Its value (apart from extraction costs) would show a pattern of slow but steady increase over time. Roughly speaking, any future price would be the current price plus interest. If the expected price for a year from now were more than this year's price plus interest, then resource-owners would see a potential profit to be made by holding more supplies off the current market, thus raising this year's price. If the expected price for a year hence were less than this year's price plus interest, the opposite would occur: resource-owners accelerate extraction, causing a decrease in the current price.

This sounds fairly frightening. Suppose that the real interest rate is 3 per cent (taking the current 8 per cent on high-quality bonds and assuming that at least 5 per cent of the current rate is attributable to expected general price inflation). At 3 per cent compounded annually, a dollar now becomes $4.38 in a mere fifty years. Is it fair for the current generation to accept a system under which its grandchildren would be paying more than four times as much for fuel as we do now?

THERE IS SOME REASON not to panic, though. In the first place, even assuming the gloomiest forecast about discoveries of new resources, it seems astonishingly gloomy to suppose that the other forces that have accounted for increasing American per capita income over the past century will suddenly stop: progress in the technologies of using resources and in the skills of the labor force. It seems fair to expect that the adverse impact from, say, the value of oil's creeping up at the compound interest rate would be offset by continued progress in technology and also in labor skills.

Of course when one starts compounding interest annually it is easy to project true horrors. If a price rises from $1 to $4.38 in fifty years, then in the next fifty it would rise to more than $19, and in the next fifty to more than $84. But we can set that image aside with some confidence. After all, the Rocky Mountains contain, in oil shale, a quantity of oil greater than all American consumption over our entire history—available at a price that is probably less than double the present world market price. At a price less than triple current world prices, coal can be transformed into enough oil to supply many times our past consumption. And, at some price that is no more than a modest multiple of current prices, the resources of solar energy are available, forever.

Thus, if there is universal agreement that no discoveries will be made and if supplies are allocated by the free market, the prospects are not bad. Basically, the price would slowly rise until substitutes—one of them inexhaustible—became available at a competitive price.

What about market allocation if there were universal agreement that net reserves would continue to grow? If that is the expectation, obviously many of the computations made by our oil-owning friend are beside the point. If reserves will steadily increase, then (unless demand were increasing even faster) there would be no point in holding back for the future. The owner should extract. The market value of the oil exceeds the costs of extraction (including entrepreneurial skill, risk, and the borrowing of money), so extraction is profitable now.

*For the private resource-owner, the expected demands of the future present an opportunity for profit and compete with the demands of present generations. In the political market, ironically, the future has no vote*

This pattern probably describes energy extraction decisions over most of this century. The period manifested steady but sharp increases in reserves and sharp declines in price compared to other values. If resource-owners expected these trends to continue, they would have no incentive to withhold the resources for future consumption.

Finally, what of market allocation in a world of mixed signals and diverse expectations as to the rate of future discoveries—our world, in other words? Here one can only suppose that the strategies selected by resource-owners would be mixed. Some would bet on discoveries' going into decline. They would go through the sorts of calculations suggested for our friend in the first analysis, and extract only where he would have extracted. Some would bet on a continuation of the historic pattern (but never, of course, extracting resources that it was not profitable to extract in terms of current costs and prices). And some would follow a mixed strategy, holding back some supplies that they would otherwise have extracted, but extracting some resources that the owner in the first model (universal expectations of declining reserves) would have retained.

The premise that unregulated private ownership will bring about a too-rapid consumption of natural resources is simply unfounded. The owners' greed *requires* them to be alert to any evidence that the rate of resource discoveries will decline. If they close their minds to that evidence, they risk losing the profit that would accrue to non-extraction. Of course the evidence as to future discoveries is mixed, but



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it is absurd to imagine the private owner putting on blinders in order to sate his greed.

What is the probable impact of government intervention? One can picture an enormous variety of possible interventions, so the question cannot be answered in the abstract. But before discussing one possible intervention, it is fair to draw an express contrast between the motivation processes of private owners, on the one hand, and of politicians and administrators, on the other.

As we have seen, the private resource-owner can increase his wealth by holding onto a resource whose net value in the ground is rising more rapidly than an investment at the market interest rate. Even if he needs immediate cash, he can obtain it by sale of the resource to someone with similar expectations of the future. For him, the demands of the future present an opportunity for profit. Subject always to the discount implicit in the interest rate, these demands compete directly with the demand of present generations. Is there any parallel way in which politicians or administrators can realize any return from a shrewd anticipation of the needs of future generations?

Ironically, in view of current rhetoric, the future has no vote in the political market. Of course conservation may be "good politics." To the extent that it is, politicians and administrators will enjoy rewards (in votes, media coverage, contributions, and any other coin of the political realm) for decisions that favor the future over the present. What evidence we have, however, suggests that the future is far more heavily discounted in the political arena than in the marketplace.

Last winter, for example, it was discovered that the holders of some gas leases on federal land were failing to extract the gas. Congressmen immediately held hearings to investigate the wicked lessees; Federal Power Commission officials expressed their dismay and determination to prevent such a terrible thing from happening again. It was claimed that the lease agreements *required* the lessees to extract the gas. But in all the hullabaloo, no one seems to have mentioned in public that anyone concerned about future generations would *want* some gas to be held back for future consumption. And no one ever raised the question whether it made sense for federal leases to include requirements of immediate extraction.

In a similar vein, Congress two years ago enacted a statute grandly titled The Energy Policy and Conservation Act of 1975. The Act requires the Secretary of the Interior to establish "a maximum efficient rate of production" for each federal oil and gas field, and authorizes the President to require *at least* that rate of production. The statute's definition of "maximum efficient rate of production" carries no suggestion at all that the Secretary is to give any thought to reserving some oil or gas for the future.

THESE EXAMPLES of the discount of the future in political circles may be viewed as part of a more general maxim of political and administrative behavior: one should not be concerned with a cost that can be concealed or fudged. Two obvious examples come to mind. First is the principle of logrolling and porkbarreling, which says that a politician should go all out for federal boondoggles in his own state, even though doing so requires him to vote for equally wasteful boondoggles in other states; the voters will see the benefit from the local project and miss the fact that, although the 49 other states will share the cost, their consent has been obtained by using tax money on similar extravagances for them. Second is the principle of indifference to deficit financing, the costs of which are concealed; they take the form either of future inflation (if the deficit is financed by increasing the money supply), or of crowding out private investment (if the deficit is financed by government borrowing). To the extent that a concealed cost is, from a political point of view, no cost at all, this suggests that government conservation schemes are likely to disregard *the substance* of future generations' interests.

An interventionist might still argue that the government has superior access to data, so that its estimates of future scarcity are better than those of private entrepreneurs.

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Government, after all, wields the subpoena power. But, even if true, the point hardly necessitates government intervention. All it necessitates is government revelation of the facts it has gathered.

In short, the contrast between greedy, myopic private owners and an altruistic, visionary government falls apart. The private owners' greed compels them to be at least as free from myopia as anyone else. The altruistic, visionary government resolves itself into individual politicians and administrators, who receive little or no reward for considering costs that the public cannot readily link to government conduct.

Without canvassing every possible government intervention, we can at least suggest the complexity of the matter by looking at a proposal that contains immense superficial appeal—subsidies for the installation of solar heating. At first blush it seems beyond criticism. It would clearly save fossil fuels, and, after all, a BTU saved is a BTU earned.

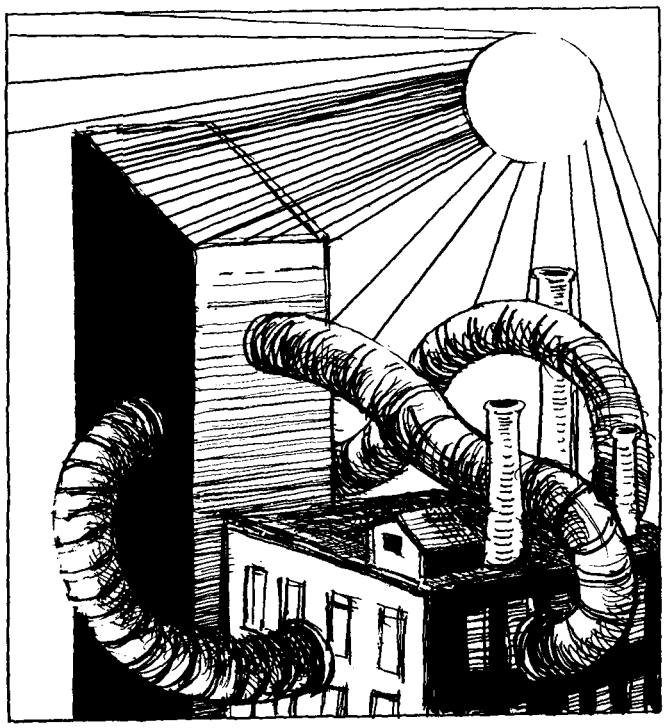
Well, not quite. Not every resource that goes unconsumed is necessarily a help to the future. If "saving" a unit of some natural resource is done at the expense of using resources of greater value, then the "saving" is illusory.

The manufacture and installation of solar heating will require a range of resources that otherwise would have been left to the future. First, the solar heating devices will in fact be composed of other resources—metals, plastics, etc. Second, the capital plant necessary for the production process (machinery, factory buildings, trucks, etc.) will use additional natural resources. Third, construction of the capital plant will require labor—which could otherwise have been devoted to producing other forms of reproducible capital.

*The solar heating subsidy seems extremely dubious. For people for whom it is already efficient to switch to solar heating, the subsidy will be a nice windfall, but will not affect their behavior*

What is the impact of all these shifts? Our legacy to the future will include more fossil and nuclear fuels, and more capital for the production of solar heating; it will include less of some other natural resources and less of other types of reproducible capital. Is there any way to tell whether the gains from the subsidy program exceed its losses?

Some clues suggest that the losses will exceed the gains. As the earlier discussions of natural-resource owners and coffee speculators suggest, owners of physical capital (natural resources and reproducible capital like factories) are constantly adjusting their holdings among the various types of capital available. The equilibrium toward which investor decisions tend constitutes a package of physical capital, set aside for the future, that should have the highest possible aggregate estimated value. If any type of capital



is underrepresented, then the rate of return on that type will be high; investors will switch into it, and increase its quantity or bid up its price until that type of physical capital is no longer underrepresented, and the return on investments of that type (at the margin) is no better than the return on any other item of physical capital.* If the market is already tending to assemble a package of physical capital of maximum future value, it seems to follow that government intervention is likely, on a net basis, to reduce the aggregate value of the package.

It will not help to argue that fossil fuels are a special type of physical capital, one of extreme "necessity," so that intervention in their favor—as an insurance policy—is appropriate. "Necessity," after all, goes into investors' calculations of future prices and, by increasing the return enjoyed from holding fossil fuels, increases the amount of them that it is profitable to hold.

So the solar heating subsidy seems extremely dubious. For people for whom it is already efficient to switch to solar heating, the subsidy will be a nice windfall, but will not affect their behavior. For people whose conduct the subsidy will alter, the likelihood is that they are being led into wasteful behavior; the fact that they wouldn't have installed the solar heating without the subsidy suggests that the resource cost of making the installation exceeds the resource gain that it can be expected to achieve.

One cannot say with certainty that any government intervention to slow the consumption of exhaustible resources will impoverish the future. But, to put it conservatively, it will pay to be skeptical of any claim that market allocation of resources will lead to profligacy, or that government intervention will help our descendants. □

*The prevailing interest rate determines the extent to which people will divert present savings into holdings of physical capital. Investors will simply refuse to hold any item whose rate of return is lower than the interest rate.



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SONS OF SOLZHENITSYN

*First came questions about the meaning of May '68; next, scrutiny of the idea of revolution; finally, a critique of the idea behind the revolution. Only one more element was required . . . It arrived from the Eastern front*

# The New Philosophes

MITCHELL S. ROSS

THE POLITICAL PERVERSITY of the French is often infuriating. It has been some time since their politicians have labored for a year without arousing great heaves of indignation from the other side of the Atlantic. It has been nearly as long since their intellectuals have provided any consolation; Sartre babbling his defense of the Russians has been the standard fare.

Now, just as a goodly portion of American newspapers are printing hymns to the wonders of Eurocommunism, along comes a group of young French writers, billing themselves as "Les Nouveaux Philosophes," who have arrested the attention of France by denouncing the Left. To make the matter more perplexing, the writers are all alumni of May 1968—Marxist barricade-mounters, to be exact. Their discovery of anti-Communism has engineered a furor that has spread throughout all the major French newspapers. Not a week passes in which *Le Figaro*, *Le Monde*, or one of the other giants of the press does not publish some apoplectic denunciation of the upstarts. The Left is crying betrayal, the Right cannot understand why the heretics retain their antipathy to Gaullism. The writers most notable for their ill-temper have been Marxist professors from Paris and the provinces; they seem genuinely shocked by their pupils' rejection of the true faith. The revolt of the New Philosophes promises to become one of the great issues in the National Assembly elections scheduled for early next year.

All of this is typically French and ripe with the national perversity. But those Americans who have felt some alarm at the leftward slide of France can take heart from the current upheaval: the New Philosophes are after not only the Communists, but François Mitterrand and the Socialists as well. It is their contention that no socialism exists in France that is not Marxist, and that all Marxist thought is ultimately totalitarian.

At the center of the movement is the romantic figure of Bernard-Henri Lévy, a 28-year-old Jew whose book, *La Barbarie à visage humain* (*Barbarism with a Human Face*), was published in May, sold 30,000 copies within six weeks (a best-seller in France), and caused an immediate uproar. Lévy, like many French writers, works as an editor in a publishing house (Grasset). It is the sort of part-time employment that American writers find by teaching English in universities. At Grasset, Lévy edits the other New Philosophes, as he has done for the past four years. As he describes it, the political philosophy of the group has evolved quite consistently over the decade that has followed May '68.

At that time, the New Philosophes were students at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, one of the three elite schools of France. They were much taken with the notion that the West was oppressed by fascist pig imperialists, and their youthful passions received sustenance from the Stalinist sophistries of Professor Louis Althusser. May '68 hastened the political demise of de Gaulle; apart from that, however, it produced much noise, considerable confusion, and few reforms. The young fire-breathers did not think the results satisfactory. Doubt seeped in. First came questions about the meaning of May '68; next, scrutiny of the idea of revolution; finally, a critique of the ideas behind the revolution. Only one more element was required to shape crystal from the fragments. It arrived from the Eastern front. Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago* was published in France, and the leftists, looking over their shoulders for

*Mr. Ross is the author of* The Literary Politicians, *a study of such writers as John Kenneth Galbraith, Henry Kissinger, and William F. Buckley Jr.*



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the young storm-troopers of May '68, found instead an angry and eloquent opposition.

Over this span of years, Grasset and a couple of other houses published books which revealed the changing mood. There were books which reflected on the evils of the state, and cautioned readers against granting it too much power; there were meditations on the impossibility of revolution, and on the undesirability of revolution. A biography of Karl Marx that was subtitled "the history of a bourgeois German" laughed off the master's proletarian pretensions. Another book announced in its title, "Marx is dead." Each of these attracted passing critical attention but few readers.

Then, in 1975, André Glucksmann published a critique of Solzhenitsyn and the horrors of modern Russia called *The Cook and Eater of Men*. It was abstruse but passionate, and the New Philosophes had their first star. Two years later, in March of this year, Grasset issued Glucksmann's *The Master Thinkers*, a study of German philosophy's contribution to totalitarianism. Even Glucksmann's friend, editor, and ally, Lévy, terms it a book which everyone bought and no one read; nevertheless, only Glucksmann among the ten New Philosophes rivals Lévy's fame. It was, however, the publication of *Barbarism with a Human Face* that stopped the intelligentsia from chattering about the New Philosophes and started them shouting.

## *Strange Echoes*

The mood of *La Barbarie* is exceedingly somber from the start. "I am," writes Lévy, "the natural son of a diabolical couple, fascism and Stalinism." From there the litany runs on, denouncing the forms of barbarism in which the twentieth century has specialized, warning against the subtle totalitarianism that socialism brings in its train. Finally there is a celebration of Solzhenitsyn, whom Lévy calls the Dante, the Shakespeare, of our times. Marxism, he argues, leads inevitably to the Gulag; the drift of Europe is toward Marxism, in whatever disguises; the outlook is grim for human freedom.

Against the optimism of socialists, who argue that the institution of their program will relieve humanity of its most burdensome complaints, Lévy and his confrères paint a dark picture of increased state control and denounce "the reactionary idea of progress." Lévy borrows from Machiavelli and uses "the Prince" synonymously with the State; one chapter is titled, "The Prince is the other name of the World." In the end Lévy arrives at a position held by American liberals at the start of the cold war, but, in their case, diluted by the passage of time. His pugnacious anti-Communism, his acknowledgment of the benefits of capitalism, and his concern, primarily, with human rights would not greatly discomfit American conservatives today. One must blink a few times in order to realize that this is the generation of 1968 speaking, and not that of 1945. The echoes are very strange indeed.

I asked Lévy what is new about the New Philosophes and he responded, with some cause, that not the least important element was the degree of their success. He is as handsome as philosophers come, and brimming with Gallic pride; this is surely no hindrance in the promotion of his book. He is even a movie actor in his spare time. All this does not detract from his seriousness, though. "For the first time since the Existentialists," he says, "all of the intelligentsia is against a new group of philosophers. For the first time books of philosophy are best-sellers. This is a superficial aspect of our newness. What is more important is that the New Philosophes are speaking directly about politics. We are sons of Solzhenitsyn, denouncing the blindness of the Left."

Whereas the Left was once his spiritual home, today he says: "The Left is now our problem. Socialism is dangerous. There is in France no socialism which is not Marxist, as the last century has seen the driving out of France of all non-Marxist socialism. I say Mitterrand is a Marxist." There are so many leftist intellectuals, he contends, because "they want the Ministry of Culture and other toys for themselves." The Communists, meanwhile, have practically eliminated the tradition of anarchism and independence. "The fantasy of the Socialists is that they have universal knowledge. They will bring totalitarianism in a new way—a smiling power."

At the same time, Lévy cannot say whether he would rather see Mitterrand or Giscard d'Estaing as President of France. He has in the past worked as an advisor to Mitterrand and likes him personally. He admits he cannot argue that Mitterrand is a totalitarian at heart. Somewhat lamely he contends that the daily politics of the New Philosophes should be divorced from their prophetic philosophy. The power is already in place, he says. "I am demonstrating that this socialism is the nihilism warned of by Nietzsche." It is not so much the economics of socialism that disturb him as the consequences of its arrival. "If it is democratic socialism, okay, but I fear it would be something else." He refers to the city of Grenoble, where a Socialist government exists. Men and women who have children out of wedlock there find themselves visited regularly by city officials, who want to know how the children are doing. "The atmosphere is suffocating."

## *A Spiritual Gulag*

Capitalism is accepted by Lévy because it seems to be the lesser evil. "If some of us prefer Giscard d'Estaing to Mitterrand, it is because he belongs to the tradition which prefers less intervention in the lives of people. We prefer capitalism because capitalism can preserve differences. I know capitalism is exploitative, etc. I shouted all those things for years. There is no solution to that. If there is an end to capitalism, it is not a marvelous, socialistic one, but a barbarous one. If capitalism means advertising and that sort of thing, we prefer this kind of evil, which leaves pockets of liberty, to the Russian model, which is a world of evil.

"If we are bound to pronounce a policy, we pronounce the old—but perhaps not too old—policy of liberalism. We know it is a regression. Now we don't want to rebuild the world, but to prevent the world from destroying itself. Our policy cannot be a completely rational one. In the present distress, there is not any sovereign good. The policy we support is that of the least evil, always. On some days this means we are with the Right, on other days we are with the Left. We are interested in whatever defends liberty and human rights."

*(Continues on page 1383)*



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STRATEGY

# Could Russia Survive a Nuclear Attack?

ELLSWORTH RAYMOND

If Soviet-American nuclear war ever erupts, vulnerability to hydrogen bombing can mean the difference between victory and defeat. The Soviets argue that Russia would suffer smaller bombing losses because of its immense territory and dispersed industry and population. Actually, Russia may be more vulnerable to hydrogen bombing than America. Let's start with city size.

Since 1928, when serious Soviet industrial growth started, over 100 million peasants have moved into Russian cities to work in the newly built factories. But the Kremlin never built enough city housing for the hordes of peasant migrants, so more people were squeezed into the same space. In the average city apartment, each room is occupied by a different family, all unhappily sharing the apartment's kitchen and bathroom.

So Soviet cities are small in land area, about half the size of U.S. cities with equal populations. Many more people would be killed by one hydrogen bomb hitting Moscow, for example, than by one bomb hitting New York.

Russian railways are also very vulnerable. With an area two and a half times that of the United States, the USSR has only two-fifths as much railway footage. Because trains can operate during the frigid Russian winters when rivers freeze and roads are snowbound, rail lines are the backbone of Soviet transport, hauling four-fifths of all internal freight. In European Russia the rail network is fairly dense, but in Soviet Asia there are only solitary lines.

Russian military writers admit the bombing of bridges and junctions could paralyze railways, and therefore say that in wartime freight and fuel must move largely by road and pipeline, not by rail. Yet the USSR has only one-tenth the road network of the U.S. and one-fifth as many trucks. Most American highways are paved, while the majority in Russia are dirt lanes, which in rainy seasons turn into seas of mud. Less than a dozen long-distance paved highways exist in all of European Russia; Soviet Asia has only three.

Soviet oil pipelines are still in their infancy, totaling only one-sixth the length of those in the United States. Furthermore, most American long-distance pipelines are underground and thus are partially protected from bomb explosions, whereas, to save time, most Soviet lines are laid on the ground or in shallow ditches. Highly visible, they wind across the Russian steppes like defenseless worms.

Soviet military theory assumes that World War III will be shorter than World War II, yet will last long enough to require huge wartime manufacture of munitions. America's war-potential industry is fairly well dispersed in a number of small factories, many of them located in suburbs or even in rural areas.

Despite Russia's vast size, its industry is not dispersed. Moscow and Leningrad, the two largest cities, together contain one-sixth of all Soviet industry. Both there and elsewhere, much of the war industry is jammed into a small number of gigantic plants: Russia thinks huge factories are more efficient, and it likes to flaunt huge industrial showplaces.

During World War II, half of the Soviet artillery was produced in just four factories, one of which was in Moscow. Half of the tanks came from two Ural factories in the cities of Nizhni Tagil and Chelyabinsk. One of every ten wartime airplanes came from Novosibirsk, the Siberian Chicago. Every third shell fired by the Red Army was encased in steel smelted at Magnitogorsk in the Urals, Europe's biggest steel mill. Half of Russia's WW II explosives were made by the Chirchik nitrate plant in south-central Asia. The nearby Chimkent lead factory bragged that its metal went into nine of every ten Red Army bullets. All this dependence on big plants was revealed by postwar boasting in the Soviet press.

Since the war these giant plants have been expanded and new industrial monsters built. Today the Soviet Union operates the four largest hydroelectric and the five largest steam power stations in the world, all built since Stalin. Two are located in Siberia, two in the Volga valley, and five in the Ukraine. Taken together, these mighty nine produce one-eighth of all Soviet electric power.

The Brezhnev regime recently built a Ukrainian blast furnace which smelts one-tenth of all the USSR's iron. Right now Russia is completing the Kama truck plant, another Siberian hydroelectric power station, and the Leningrad atomic power station, each of which will be the largest in the world. Either Brezhnev expects no nuclear war, or his industrial construction is insanely reckless.

Hitler lacked the long-range bombers to destroy Russian industry and railroads during World War II. America, however, has plenty of bombing equipment. □

*Mr. Raymond, who has served as an economic research analyst at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, is Professor Emeritus of Russian affairs at New York University.*



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TERRORISM

# A Transnational Threat

HERBERT ROMERSTEIN

TERRORISM IS LIKE the weather —no one does anything about it. But while everyone knows the difference between sunshine and snow, there is no agreement on a definition of terrorism.

J. Bowyer Bell of Columbia University pointed out, in his monograph *Transnational Terror*, that "there is no satisfactory political definition of terror extant or forthcoming; there is similarly no common academic consensus as to the essence of terror and no common language with which to shape a model acceptable to political scientists or social psychologists. Terror appears to be a condition known implicitly to most men, but which is somehow beyond rigorous examination." Having said this, Bell then spent 83 pages discussing what he could not define.

An otherwise valuable research study prepared in 1976 for the CIA—*International and Transnational Terrorism: Diagnosis and Prognosis* by David L. Milbank—contained the incredible statement: "One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter."

It is this notion that allows the irresponsible majority at the United Nations to refuse to take action against terrorism. If terrorism is to be defeated, it must be defined, both because you cannot fight what you do not understand, and because a proper definition would make terrorism an unacceptable method of warfare, condemned even by those who would prefer to support it.

An expensive, federally funded report on *Disorders and Terrorism* issued by the National Advisory Committee on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals a few months ago made a real effort to provide a definition. Buried in over six hundred large pages, we find: "Political terrorism may be defined, therefore, as violent, criminal behavior designed primarily to generate fear in the community, or a substantial segment of it, for political purposes." That is a good start. At least we now know that terrorists are not "freedom fighters" but criminals.

But the best available definition was provided by Congressman Larry McDonald in the *Congressional Record* of July 2, 1976: "Terrorism: A violent attack on a non-combatant segment of the community for the purpose of intimidation, to achieve a political or military objective." The key here, of course, is the concept that terrorism is violent action against non-combatants. As such, it is beyond the realm of "legitimate" warfare. "Freedom fighters" target the enemy army. Terrorists target innocent civilians, who often are in no way involved in the conflict.

Political terrorism does not exist in a vacuum. It requires at least the ideological and often the material support of a government or international movement. The Soviet Union, sometimes directly but more often through surrogates, provides training, support, and ideological justification for most of the world's political terrorism.

IN 1971 THERE WAS a series of attacks on police officers across the United States. Responsibility for the attacks, many of which resulted in death, was claimed by the Black Liberation Army. Investigation soon revealed that this group was in fact a faction of the Black Panther Party. Captured terrorists were found in possession of a small red booklet entitled *On Organizing Urban Guerrilla Units*. The booklet was a detailed manual for violent criminal actions, ranging from how to commit an assassination to how to rob a bank, with details on the type of weaponry that would be most effective. The booklet was written by Don Cox, also known as "Field Marshal D.C." It was printed in Algeria, where Cox had fled to escape arrest warrants for murder in California and Maryland. (Algeria served as a conduit for providing Soviet arms and training to Black Panther terrorists.) The Harlem chapter of the Black Panther Party reprinted the Cox booklet when it ran out of the Algerian edition.

The African National Congress (ANC) of South Africa and the Zimbabwe African Peoples Union (ZAPU) are terrorist movements operating in southern Africa. ANC has a headquarters in Tanzania, and ZAPU claims a headquarters in Zambia. But their terrorist training schools and even their English-language publications, *Sechaba* and *Zimbabwe Review*, are of East German origin.

The African National Congress is controlled by the South African Communist Party. In 1961, the Communists ordered the ANC to convert its underground apparatus into the terrorist group Umkonto We Sizwe (Spear of the Nation). The terrorist movement, in instructing its young black trainees, used articles signed with such names as Umlweli, Titshale, Terence Africanus, and A. Lerumo. In 1974, it was discovered that all of these African-sounding names belonged to Michael Harmel, a white Communist. While young blacks were murdering innocent civilians in South Africa, and being captured or killed in the process, Harmel, the intellectual author of the atrocities, was sitting safely in Prague.

A few years ago, a group of Mexican terrorists began their training in the Soviet Union, and then were transferred to North Korea. Training centers for terrorists exist throughout Eastern Europe and the Communist areas of Asia. Brian Crozier, a leading British expert on the problem, told a State Department seminar in Washington last year that "by far the greatest subversive center in the world is the USSR, actively supported by certain East European countries, notably East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, and (latterly) Rumania. The Chinese People's Republic is likewise involved in support of groups in South and East Asia, in the Middle East, and in Africa. North Vietnam was involved throughout the two Indochina wars in foster-

*Mr. Romerstein, the former Minority Chief Investigator of the House Committee on Internal Security, is on the staff of Congressman Larry McDonald (D., Ga.).*



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ing subversive groups in Laos and Cambodia as well as in South Vietnam, and is still involved in supporting terrorism in Thailand. North Korea has supported terrorist groups as far afield as Mexico and Chile. Cuba's support—latterly on behalf of the Soviet Union—has gone to most countries in Latin America, to Puerto Rico and the United States, to Africa and the Middle East."

Crozier defines countries that provide assistance to subversive or terrorist groups in other countries as "subversive centers." By that definition the most active subversive center in the Western Hemisphere is Cuba. *Every* terrorist group investigated in the United States has been found to have copies of the *Mini-Manual of the Urban Guerrilla*, by Carlos Marighela. A Brazilian Communist terrorist, Marighela was killed in 1969 in a shoot-out with police. His booklet, printed in Spanish, French, and English, was published in Havana, Cuba, by the Organization of Solidarity of the Peoples of Africa, Asia, and Latin America. OSPAAL is Castro's apparatus to coordinate terrorist groups throughout the Third World.

Cuban-sponsored terrorism was organized in the United States shortly after Castro's takeover. In November 1962, a group of Cuban Communists, including three attached to the Cuban Mission to the United Nations, were arrested in a sabotage plot. Involved with them were a group of Cuban-Americans belonging to the Casa Cuba, a pro-Communist club in New York. The plans were to blow up gasoline and oil refineries in Linden, Rahway, Carteret, and Bayonne, N.J., as well as to plant incendiary bombs in New York department stores.

On February 16, 1965, the FBI and New York City police arrested three men and a woman involved in a plot to blow up the Statue of Liberty and other national monuments. The three men were members of a black militant group whose leader, Robert Collier, had been to Cuba in the summer of 1964, where he received training and was put in contact with members of a French-Canadian separatist terrorist group. The woman arrested with them was a member of the Canadian group and had brought their dynamite down from Canada. They were prevented from executing their terrorist actions by Raymond Wood, a black New York City police officer, who had infiltrated the group. Wood was the main prosecution witness in a trial that ended in convictions.

All the major terrorist groups that have functioned in this country in the past ten years have had cadre trained in Cuba. The Cubans have also served as matchmakers, bringing American terrorists into contact with foreign terrorist movements.

In 1969, the Weatherman faction of Students for a Democratic Society organized the first Venceremos Brigade. Since that time there have been ten Brigades. In all the groups, selected members have been chosen to receive terrorist training. A confidential report of the Cuban government, issued in 1970 to its supporters abroad, reported on some of the training. At a lecture series, members of the Brigade asked questions of their instructors: "Susan wants to clear up some confused points of Marighela's *Mini-Manual of the Urban Guerrilla*; Bob would like to know how the Tupamaros function and organize themselves because 'we could do the same in many cities of the United States'; a blond, long-haired young man wondered 'What actions could we carry out to cooperate with Latin American revolutionaries in their struggle against Yankee imperialism?' " (The Tupamaros are the Castroite terrorists in Uruguay.)

In March 1976, the *Chicago Tribune* reported that when a California terrorist gang called the Emiliano Zapata Unit was captured, one of the members admitted that they had been trained by a Cuban later identified by federal authorities as a high-ranking agent of Castro's secret police, the DGI. Despite the Latin-sounding name, the organization consisted of middle-class Anglos.

For the past two years, Miami's Little Havana has been torn apart by a series of murders of anti-Castro leaders and writers. The Castro propaganda apparatus, with an assist from the American press, put the blame for the murders on rival anti-Castro groups. This theory becomes rather questionable when we learn that before the murders occurred a Castroite newspaper in Miami, *Verde Olivo Nacionalista*, carried pictures of some of the victims with the Spanish equivalent of RIP written on them. One such issue, showing Rolando Masferrer, came out only a few days before he was blown to bits by a bomb.

On January 24, 1975, a bomb went off in Fraunces Tavern in New York. Four people were killed and 55 injured. Responsibility for the bombing was taken by the Puerto Rican terrorist group, FALN. On October 27, 1975, the FALN boasted in a communiqué: "We especially acknowledge the moral support given to our organization by the Cuban people and government in a speech made by Prime Minister Fidel Castro in August in which he said that the Cuban government would do all it could to support the FALN."

Investigations of FALN bombings and murders have centered on two groups, the National Commission on Hispanic Affairs of the Episcopal Church, which had been infiltrated by known members of FALN, and the Puerto Rican Socialist Party (PSP), which has been identified as FALN's "parent" or above-ground group. PSP leader Juan Mari Bras, in a Madison Square Garden speech, referred to the FALN bombings as one of the "forms and means by which the Puerto Rican people struggle for independence and national liberation." He was joined on the platform at an October 1974 rally by Angela Davis and Jane Fonda. The PSP is openly supported by the Castro regime and publicly acknowledges the relationship. In 1975, three PSP leaders were arrested by authorities in the Dominican Republic after they had smuggled a group of terrorists ashore. PSP offices and "safe houses" in Puerto Rico have been raided by the authorities. (After one such raid on the home of PSP leader Fermin Sepulvedo, he complained that they raided his farm just as he was going to pick up his food stamps.)

The Black Panthers, Revolutionary Action Movement, Weather Underground, and the New World Liberation Front have all had cadre trained in Cuba. The Weather Underground, formerly the Weatherman faction of SDS, has now split, with one group wanting to surface, the other planning to continue terrorist bombings. The former believe they themselves are not wanted for capital crimes. The latter have good



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reason to believe that murder charges await them if they should surface. The Revolutionary Committee of the Weather Underground Organization, which intends to remain underground, committed the February 1977 bombing of the Immigration and Naturalization Service office in San Francisco.

The New World Liberation Front and Red Guerrilla Family, which work closely with the Weather Underground, have carried out numerous bombings in California, the targets ranging from South African and Iranian consulates to the homes of politicians who displease them. A time bomb in the home of Dianne Feinstein, a member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, damaged her child's bedroom. Authorities have identified the bombing suspects, the Sam Melville/Jonathan Jackson Unit of the New World Liberation Front, as fugitive members of the former Symbionese Liberation Army.

THE NEW WORLD Liberation Front has carried out a number of bombings in support of fellow terrorists in South Africa and Puerto Rico. A few months ago they announced their solidarity with the Palestine Liberation Organization by stating in a communiqué that if PLO terrorists are executed in Israel they will murder members of the "Jewish-American ruling class." They stated, "We call on all comrades to move directly against all Jewish-American ruling class bloodsuckers *if* Rabin moves to massacre freedom fighters! These ruling-class dogs are influential both here and in Israel and are *extremely* vulnerable!"

The most recent terrorist acts of the Puerto Rican FALN took place early in August. One man died and scores were injured in a series of New York bombings. The official FALN communiqué, after a full page of rhetoric on Puerto Rico, ended: "Victory to the Palestinian struggle."

The Japanese Red Army terrorists, who hijacked an airplane in late September, announced that they would kill one of the hostages. They identified him as "a Jew." Among the suspects in the West Coast bombings are a small clique of young attorneys, all of whom have Cuban Communist connections. This is similar to the situation in West Germany, where the leadership of the Baader-Meinhof terrorist group includes a number of young attorneys some of whom have served as defense counsel when terrorists have been captured. Initial funding of the Baader-Meinhof gang came from East Germany. In addition to their recent spectacular activities, they are involved in a broad network of transnational terrorist movements including the Japanese Red Army, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, and Cuban-sponsored terrorist groups in Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, and Uruguay.

Cuba and Libya serve as the main conduit for Soviet arms and equipment to international terrorist groups. Libyan support has gone to such diverse groups as the Irish Republican Army and Moslem terrorists in the Philippines. The PLO's Black September Unit, which murdered the Israeli athletes in Munich, was trained in Libya.

Most of the terrorist movements throughout the world have links with one another and with the Soviet supply system. With the exception of groups in the United States, most terrorist organizations have a goodly supply of Soviet-made submachine guns, rocket launchers, and, in some cases, sophisticated Strela surface-to-air missiles.

Despite the shocking picture of international and transnational terrorism, American defenses have been allowed to reach their lowest point. Local police departments and even the FBI have stopped placing informants in terrorist groups. The CIA has difficulty obtaining intelligence information on terrorism from friendly foreign governments because of the extensive leaks of American intelligence documents and the leftist abuse of the Freedom of Information Act. The Internal Security Division of the Justice Department has been reduced to a section. The House Committee on Internal Security was abolished in 1975, and the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security has been reduced to a corporal's guard. The House Judiciary Committee, which was given Internal Security responsibilities when HISC was abolished, has held no hearings on terrorism or subversion and has bottled up Congressman John Ashbrook's terrorism bill for the past two and one-half years.

But now at last there is some movement. One hundred seventy-one congressmen, led by Democrat Larry McDonald and Republican John Ashbrook, have undertaken a program to restore at least some of our anti-terrorist defenses. They are co-sponsors of House Resolution 48 to re-establish the House Committee on Internal Security, and their effort is buoyed up by the massive letter-writing campaign undertaken on its behalf by veterans' and other patriotic organizations. McDonald and Ashbrook see H. Res. 48 as a first step toward enabling federal and local law enforcement authorities to take the necessary action to prevent terrorism. □

## Handle with Prayer

Plus taxes and postage—and handling besides.
(Psst! That's where the final inflated cost hides.)
A tax for the city, the state, and the Fed,
And postage to bail the mail out of the red.
But handling, I ask you, now what is that for?
Well, somebody back at the office or store
Puts in what turns out to be not the right bill
And scatters the contents so most of them spill,
Stuffs crumples of yesterday's paper inside,
Winds wire around so it can't be untied,
Then leaves off the wrapping because he forgot
Or ties it once more with a Gordian knot.
I'll suffer the postage and tax; but do you
See paying for handling? I'm damned if *I* do.

CORINNA MARSH



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LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA

# Gunning for Brown

CHARLES WALLEN JR.

A LOT OF PEOPLE are against Governor Brown but are afraid to take him on, California politicos are saying.

Well, who in particular is afraid of the mantra-chanting eminentissimo? I offer the following list: labor, agriculture, utilities, industry large and small, his own executive bureaucracy, and Californians who care about the economy of the state. For two years now the handsome governor has pursued them with horse, foot, and dragoon. His mocking, lowered-expectation rhetoric—a whimsicality he has marketed as his very own—has succeeded in ranking California as the 47th state in the Union in terms of friendliness toward business. This means that jobs are hard to get, utilities cannot sell their stock to raise capital to expand, industry goes elsewhere to prosper. After spending $60 million on an absurd transportation plan, he dropped it, with high-toned disavowals, as soon as its folly was exposed, letting his subordinates walk the plank. Mind, I am not suggesting they shouldn't walk the plank. We have, after all, the Nuremburg precedent.

But Governor Brown's term now has less than a year to run, and there are already five would-be challengers warming up for what may very well be a blood-letting Republican primary: Attorney General Evelle Younger; Fresno Assemblyman Ken Maddy; Pete Wilson, mayor of San Diego; State Senator John Briggs of Fullerton; and Ed Davis, police chief of Los Angeles—good men all, and all eager to take on Jerry Brown.

Assemblyman Ken Maddy, 43, though a dark horse, is potentially the most dangerous to Brown. He has an early-JFK charm and coolness and the quick wit of a successful trial lawyer, which is what he was before entering politics seven years ago; and he is a master in the arena of electronic communication. He relishes the prospect of facing down Governor Brown's lush magenta prose, his Barmecidal feasts, on the medium that makes dialectical skill indispensable to victory, the medium where policies and parties give way, at the speed of light, to charisma.

This early in the game, Maddy has the overwhelming support of agriculture (the state's largest industry—$7 billion annually), the business community, and (thanks to his all-the-way liberal voting record) labor, groups that Brown has spent over two years antagonizing. Maddy already has $425,000 in his campaign till, which causes even Ronald Reagan to whistle in surprise.

MADDY, FOR ALL that his voting record is worth hiding, is saying sound things. He speaks of Brown's "planned scarcity," his desire to "exercise more control over business and agriculture," his propensity toward over-regulation and over-control. He tells Southern California audiences that his own rural concerns are relevant to them as well: interference with agriculture translates into higher food prices and higher costs of doing business.

Brown is indeed vulnerable in these areas. Dow Chemical desired to build a half-billion-dollar petrochemical plant in the Sacramento Delta region and spent two years and several million dollars trying to get 65 permits relating to environmental standards so stringent that they would have prevented Stanford University from moving to that site. When two permits had been granted, with only 63 to go, Dow canceled its project.

In a state whose economy is built around its marvelous mobility of people and goods, Brown proposed at the beginning to take the people out of their cars and put them on foot and/or public transportation, and to reorganize the society of 21 million people into a system of collective communes. His blueprint for this pastoral community was his Orwellian State Transportation Plan. To ride shotgun on this project he brought in as Transportation Director an aging hippie carpetbagger from Massachusetts, Adriana Gianturco, who, in blue jeans and bare feet, assembled a huge task force and threw 3,413 pages and $60 million at the plan.

This transparent absurdity was finally held up to the light by Virgil Meibert, an enterprising reporter for the *Oakland Tribune*. Brown, at bay, was faced with the painful necessity of disavowing his own intensely personal dream of a communal Golden State. Pressure from the public and the legislature resulted in a sad, graceless letter dated December 9, 1976, which he forced Mrs. Gianturco and Donald Burns (Secretary of the Business and Transportation Agency) to sign, and then leaked to the press.

For the real problem with this super-educated politician is that he is incapable of saying, "I don't know." Indeed, ask the Governor the time of day and he will proceed to explain in detail how to build watch factories friendly to the environment. There is no question, supernal ones included, upon which he would not venture a detailed reply. Californians, the legatees of his sophistication, view him with increasing wonderment.

This is the situation as the primary campaign heats up. Republicans are looking for a winner in a state that is 57 per cent Democratic, 35 per cent Republican, and 8 per cent independent. They dream of another victory like the one that Ronald Reagan brought them in 1966 when, actually, the percentages were the same, and he racked up a million-vote surplus.

The search may stop with Maddy, who has a record of three solid wins in a district that is 68 per cent Democratic since he entered politics in 1970. He faces determined opposition from talented politicians, but he may well move forward in the months ahead. Although his record is liberal in contrast to that of Pete Wilson of San Diego, Maddy has the advantage of having stood by Reagan during the great presidential contest of 1976; conceivably, Reagan will requite the favor. □

*Mr. Wallen is a California businessman.*



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# Uncle Sam's Dangerous Prescriptions

SECOND ONLY TO the energy crisis as a source of daily bombast in the nation's capital is the subject of rising health-care costs—hospital charges in particular.

Though you would never guess it from the flow of media comment suggesting the problem has somehow descended on us from outer space, the cause of the health-care cost explosion is well defined and amply documented. That cause, in brief, is the Federal Government (yes, Virginia, the self-same government that is currently bullyragging other people in a supposed effort to resolve the difficulty).

Federal contributions to the mess are three. Through Medicare and Medicaid, the Feds unleashed an enormous surge of health-care dollars (approaching $50 billion a year) that bid up all the factors of supply—as any student of elementary economics could have predicted. They also dramatically tilted a medical system already trending in that direction toward third-party payments (90 per cent of hospital charges are now absorbed by someone other than the patient). And they institutionalized a cost-plus system in which health-care providers are reimbursed according to their costs or customary charges.

No system could have been better contrived to cause a vast explosion of demand, or to make consumers and providers of medical services insensitive to cost—results that can be readily traced in the upward leap of the hospital price index since Medicare and Medicaid. President Carter's hospital cost containment plan, which would place a "cap" of 9 per cent on annual hospital revenue increases, is a typical government non-response to a government-confected problem. It would try to control the mushrooming pressure of demand by putting an arbitrary lid on prices—the moral equivalent of trying to contain a fever by breaking your thermometer.

True reform will require a wholly different and, for Washington, entirely novel concept—going after the causes rather than the symptoms. The most sensible proposal to this effect is that of Harvard economist Martin Feldstein, who urges that our system of health insurance be shifted away from first-dollar coverage for everyday procedures (which is enormously expensive) toward coverage for major medical, and for catastrophic illness (which is relatively cheap). This would dispel the illusion that routine, elective medical care is "free," and would dampen the pressures of demand accordingly.

Unfortunately, the Feldstein plan has yet to appear in legislative dress. In its absence, the best proposal for slowing the government-sponsored rise of medical prices is that presented by Senator Herman Talmadge (D., Ga.), and co-sponsored by 19 other senators. The Talmadge bill (S-1470) would not unravel the third-party mess, but it would abolish cost-plus reimbursements, and this is certainly a beginning. The idea is to set up a system of prospective payments, rewarding efficient hospitals for their performance (the flat-rate percentage hikes in the Carter plan would do the opposite) and penalizing high-cost hospitals for theirs.

S-1470 outlines a system of Medicare-Medicaid rates for hospitals geared to yearly averages for institutions of comparable size, location, and other relevant characteristics. Hospitals would be permitted to charge more for their services if they wished, but if they did so the difference (with some exceptions) would have to be picked up by the patients. A hospital incurring charges lower than the average would get a bonus payment. This would reverse the present logic of "spend more, get more," and put a premium on efficiency. The concept is supported by the Federation of American Hospitals, the investor-owned and most market-oriented sector of the hospital community.

The point of this legislation, as Talmadge puts it, "is that high-cost hospitals will act to bring down their costs to levels which are fully reimbursed. Other hospitals will act to moderate their costs so as to gain incentive payments or to avoid moving into the range where a portion of their costs are not reimbursable. The effect . . . will be to moderate the average costs of hospitals as they are recalculated each year."

In the meantime, federal efforts to control the cost explosion by rationing services have created some other serious problems, and these require solutions of their own. In an attempt to isolate and punish alleged over-doctoring, exotic remedies, or otherwise deviant medical behavior, the bureaucrats are trying to establish "norms" of treatment, and for this purpose are demanding access to medical records—not just the records of Medicare patients, but everybody's (how else can the "norms" be arrived at?). Thanks to the increasing computerization of health-care data, such records are readily available.

AS A RESULT an army of bureaucrats, researchers, and social scientists can now tap into the medical histories of millions of Americans and are eagerly at work doing so. Intimate details of the medical treatment of whole segments of the population are at the beck and call of functionaries who have access to the proper computer terminal. Although there are supposed to be restraints on the use of these materials, some recent horrendous disclosures suggest that security is incredibly lax.

So perceiving, Representative Philip Crane (R., Ill.) and Representative David Satterfield (D., Va.) have introduced corrective legislation to provide some safeguards for individual privacy. Their proposals say, in essence, that identifiable private medical records may not, barring emergencies such as an epidemic and certain other contingencies, be made available to government or other snoopers without the consent of the patient.

The medical bureaucrats are greatly vexed by the Crane and Satterfield proposals (HR-1816 and HR-9789, respectively), contending such protections of individual privacy will interfere with research, and also with the "norms." Too bad. If the traditional sanctity of the doctor-patient relationship is to be preserved, one of these privacy bills should be adopted. □



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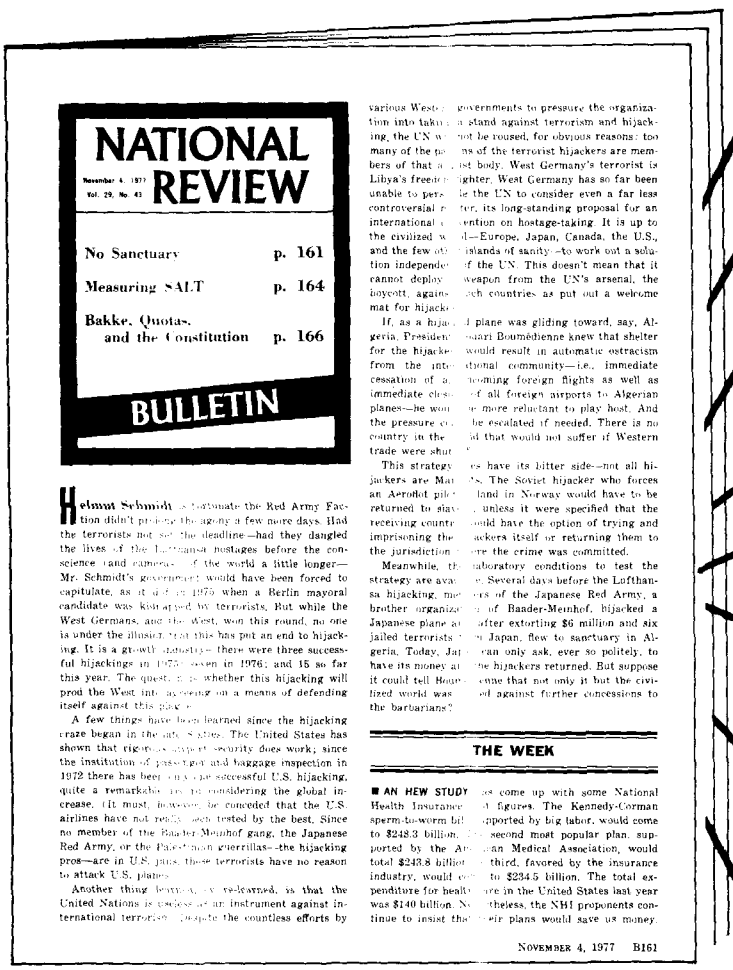

NATIONAL REVIEW

November 4, 1977
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BULLETIN

Helmut Schmidt ... fortunate the Red Army Faction didn't put ... the agony a few more days. Had the terrorists not set the deadline—had they dangled the lives of the Lufthansa hostages before the conscience (and cameras) of the world a little longer—Mr. Schmidt's government would have been forced to capitulate, as it did in 1975 when a Berlin mayoral candidate was kidnaped by terrorists. But while the West Germans, and the West, won this round, no one is under the illusion that this has put an end to hijacking. It is a get-well statistic—there were three successful hijackings in 1975, seven in 1976, and 15 so far this year. The question is whether this hijacking will prod the West into agreeing on a means of defending itself against this plague.

A few things have been learned since the hijacking craze began in the late 60's. The United States has shown that rigorous airport security does work; since the institution of passenger and baggage inspection in 1972 there has been only one successful U.S. hijacking, quite a remarkable record considering the global increase. (It must, however, be conceded that the U.S. airlines have not really been tested by the best. Since no member of the Baader-Meinhof gang, the Japanese Red Army, or the Palestinian guerrillas—the hijacking pros—are in U.S. jails, these terrorists have no reason to attack U.S. planes.)

Another thing learned, or re-learned, is that the United Nations is useless as an instrument against international terrorism. Despite the countless efforts by various West... governments to pressure the organization into taki... a stand against terrorism and hijacking, the UN w... not be roused, for obvious reasons: too many of the ne... ns of the terrorist hijackers are members of that a... ist body. West Germany's terrorist is Libya's freedo... ighter. West Germany has so far been unable to pers... le the UN to consider even a far less controversial ... ter, its long-standing proposal for an international ... vention on hostage-taking. It is up to the civilized w... l—Europe, Japan, Canada, the U.S., and the few oth... islands of sanity—to work out a solution independe... f the UN. This doesn't mean that it cannot deploy ... weapon from the UN's arsenal, the boycott, again... ch countries as put out a welcome mat for hijacke...

If, as a hija... plane was gliding toward, say, Algeria, Presiden... ari Boumédienne knew that shelter for the hijacke... would result in automatic ostracism from the inte... tional community—i.e., immediate cessation of a... coming foreign flights as well as immediate clos... of all foreign airports to Algerian planes—he wou... e more reluctant to play host. And the pressure c... be escalated if needed. There is no country in the ... ld that would not suffer if Western trade were shut ...

This strategy ... es have its bitter side—not all hijackers are Mar... 's. The Soviet hijacker who forces an Aeroflot pla... land in Norway would have to be returned to Sov... unless it were specified that the receiving countr... ould have the option of trying and imprisoning the ... ackers itself or returning them to the jurisdiction ... ere the crime was committed.

Meanwhile, th... laboratory conditions to test the strategy are ava... e. Several days before the Lufthansa hijacking, me... rs of the Japanese Red Army, a brother organize... of Bader-Meinhof, hijacked a Japanese plane a... after extorting $6 million and six jailed terrorists ... Japan, flew to sanctuary in Algeria. Today, Jap... can only ask, ever so politely, to have its money a... he hijackers returned. But suppose it could tell Bonn ... come that not only it but the civilized world was ... ed against further concessions to the barbarians?

THE WEEK

■ AN HEW STUDY ... es come up with some National Health Insurance ... figures. The Kennedy-Corman sperm-to-worm bi... upported by big labor, would come to $248.3 billion. ... second most popular plan, supported by the Am... an Medical Association, would total $243.8 billio... third, favored by the insurance industry, would e... to $234.5 billion. The total expenditure for healt... re in the United States last year was $140 billion. N... theless, the NHI proponents continue to insist thei... ir plans would save us money.

NOVEMBER 4, 1977 B161

## IMPORTANT

The BULLETIN is available by subscription only; however, if you pick up your *National Review* from a newsstand, or are reading a friend's copy you are eligible to use the postage paid card facing this page. Just fill it in and return it to *National Review*. And if someone beat you to the card simply write direct to Mr. James P. McFadden, c/o *National Review*, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N. Y. 10016. He'll see to it that your subscription is entered at this bargain rate and receives prompt attention.

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# Books Arts & Manners

## Why Is This Man Scowling?

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

*Letters on Literature and Politics: 1912-1972*
*By Edmund Wilson*
*Farrar, 768 pp., $20*

The sort of critics whose biothermostats comfortably adapt them to the warm, mild bath of our contemporary intellectual discourse have already pronounced themselves offended by the caustic tone of many of Edmund Wilson's epistolary remarks to his correspondents, whether old friends or wary acquaintances. Most of this curmudgeonliness is merely what made Wilson the powerful literary figure he was: that is to say, it is sheer intellectual honesty, or what is nowadays known as Bad Taste. It is true, however, that there is a perceptible difference in tone between the letters of the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties, and those written between the end of World War II and Wilson's death in 1972. The Wilson of the Twenties is full of literary japes, clearly derivative of the hoaxes and horseries of H. L. Mencken; the Wilson of the early Thirties heaves with the warrior's heavy breathing—his pen clicks with those of his correspondents like knitting needles around a guillotine as he debates the pros and cons (mainly pros) of Marxism. In the late Thirties, Wilson has lost his revolutionary fire, but he is full of the still-optimistic dignity of the man of letters who has forsworn factional politics in order to offer the responsible social and intellectual criticism that he considers it the intellectual's chief function to provide; in the Forties, the optimism has dwindled to a kind of sour stoicism frequently shot through with humorous lightnings.

But in the Fifties, the Wilson of recent memory asserts himself: cranky, curmudgeonly, ungenerous, as aggressive as a pit viper. He quits reading the work of young writers; he refuses to pay his federal income taxes; he writes a recidivist introduction to *Patriotic Gore* in which, echoing his old enemies the Social Darwinists, he compares the rivalry between the U.S.A. and the USSR to the blindly predatory battlings of two gigantic sea slugs. Usually, this sort of slide into ill-tempered disillusionment can be attributed to the frustrations and infirmities of old age. But in Wilson's case, it considerably illuminates a career that, from an early age, was clearly and wholly apprehended by its maker.

Although the present collection of letters would have been agreeably leavened by the inclusion of material pertinent to Wilson's personal life, it is nevertheless a virtue of the volume that, restricting itself to literary and political correspondence, it offers no distractions from literature and politics. As no other collection of Wilson's writings has done, this one—which was edited by his widow, Elena Mumm

Wilson—points up the "vision," as they used to say in the Twenties, that powered the man's vasty career but which, in the latter half of his life, seemed to him increasingly less attainable.

Wilson was the son of a well-to-do lawyer in Red Bank, New Jersey. He grew up in a world which, as he noted, was pretty much dead by the Forties: a semi-rural society not yet corrupted by the banality of suburbia nor really much enlightened by the larval cosmopolitanism of the proximate big cities; a society, in short, that was an oasis of provincial gentility watered by the good green bucks of upper-middle-class professional people. Although he later appreciated its virtues, Wilson as a boy found this environment a chafing one; it represented for him the outer limit of American culture, in whose narrow confines he frustratedly stewed. As he wrote to Scott Fitzgerald in 1921, "the commercialism and industrialism, with no older and more civilized civilization behind except one layer of eighteenth century civilization on the East Coast, impose a terrific handicap upon any other sort of endeavor: the intellectual and aesthetic manifestations have to crowd their way up and out from the crevices left by the factories, the office buildings, the apartment houses, and the banks; the country was simply not built for them and, if they escape with their lives, they

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**M. E. Bradford** *is a professor of English at the University of Dallas. . . .* **Ernest van den Haag**'*s most recent book is* Punishing Criminals. . . . **John Simon** *herewith makes his debut as* NR*'s film critic.*



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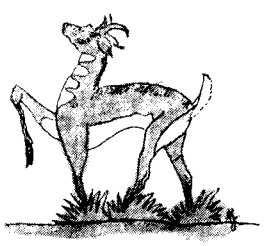
can thank God, but would better not think they are 100 per cent elect . . . because they have obviously been stunted and deformed at birth and afterward greatly battered and contaminated in their struggle to get out." Thus he was sympathetic to the authors of books written mainly "to tell what a terrible place America is," partly because he found their indictment of American culture a true one, and partly because he found their efforts "actually a cause for rejoicing: presumably, this devastating criticism of America is a prelude to its being made what the above authors [Sinclair Lewis, Edith Wharton, H. L. Mencken, Van Wyck Brooks] want to see it become."

For Wilson—who grew up, as he said, during the period when the "American Renascence" was only just beginning—believed during the first half of his life that the battle for the American mind was worth the effort. "I do think seriously," he told Fitzgerald in the same letter, "that there is a great hope for New York as a cultural center: it seems to me that there is a lot going on in America just now—America seems to be actually beginning to express herself in something like an idiom of her own."

He thought that America had in store for her a cultural role of almost Gaullist proportions: "In another generation or two," he wrote to Maxwell Perkins in 1938, "we may be leading the world intellectually." It was for this reason that Wilson, who considered that "the end is not art or science but the survival and improvement of humanity," attempted in *Axel's Castle* (his first book, published in 1931) not only to explain the Symbolist writers to the United States but to point up the fallacies in the notion of art-for-art's-sake, which the modernist writers and artists had for a generation or more used to disconnect themselves and their work from politics, social theory, and the extra-aesthetic world in general. It was incumbent upon the best and brightest of a waxing power to try "to identify themselves a little more with the life of the country," he told Walter Lippmann in 1928.

As a student at Princeton, Wilson had been almost tearfully enthusiastic about the "American ideals" of Woodrow Wilson, of whom he said: "the President of my own country is qualifying for that job [of "great statesman"] and bringing all of his wits to bear on the problem of creating order and honor in the chaos and shame of half the world." In the early years of the Great Depression, however, Edmund Wilson was among the first of the converts made by Marxism among the American clerisy. It was not that he thought the United States necessarily worse than the other capitalist nations—more that the youngest of the tribe had failed to avoid the pratfalls of her elders and had betrayed the special purpose which her favorite sons had suspected her of harboring. Out of a desire for "involvement," Wilson began writing less about swell letters and more about the social condition: he traveled around the country, wrote up steel strikes, Communist organizers, and the Scottsboro trial; he embarked upon what is probably his *magnum opus* (though his most beautiful is *Upstate*), *To the Finland Station*, in which he traced the "progress" of the modern intelligence from idealism to scientific materialism.

At the same time, however, he began to doubt the role of the intellectual as manager, technocrat, and activist. In part, this was because he considered most writers and artists temperamentally unsuited to these forms of activity: "I think politics is bad for you," he wrote Malcolm Cowley in 1938, "because it's not real to you: because what you're really practicing is not politics but literature." In part, too, it was because he regarded the partisanship that effective politics requires as being diametrically opposed to the stubborn dedication to intellectual autonomy that intellectuals are supposed to respect: "as soon as you begin discussing these matters in print, you find that you are being pushed into some political group. . . . Now I don't see any political movement with which I'm prepared to ally myself and have myself been going in for *recueillement*," he announced to John Dos Passos in 1935.



But most of all, perhaps, it was because he saw in Franklin Roosevelt's vast mobilization of adoring American intellectuals, in service to the thousand and one brains trusts and other New Deal agencies, a threat to the national letters and the course of public debate: "May it not possibly turn out to be true," he asked Maxwell Geismar in 1942, "that they [Robert Sherwood and Archibald MacLeish] represent merely the beginning of some awful collectivist cant which will turn into official propaganda for a postwar state-socialist bureaucracy? . . . It may be necessary for a subsequent set of writers to lead an attack on phony collectivism in the interests of the American individualist tradition."* His fear was that the United States would end up an overprivileged and overbearing colossus, abandoned to mob culture at the bottom layer and, at the top, to a highly "professionalized" class of intellectual janissaries with a strong material and professional stake in the bureaucratic status quo.

Which, as Wilson saw it, was precisely how postwar America (indeed, the postwar world) turned out. He went to Europe after the war on a reporting junket for *The New Yorker*, and found everything horribly blah and "Americanized": "Everything else except reviving socialism seems to me, in Europe today, decadent, disgusting, and hopeless." Back home, he accused the State Department of bullying misbehavior, the Congress and bureaucracy of officious meddling, the intelligentsia of selling their souls to the Juggernaut. Years earlier he had told Fitzgerald that the "highbrow and artist" in America received far too much attention and lay upon beds of ease too flowery for their own good; in 1946 he wrote to Mencken, "I sometimes think, in connection with my *New Yorker* job, of your campaign of the 1910s and '20s, and wonder whether the literary situation is worse or better than then. It was harder to get an honest book published in the early years of the century than it is at the present time; but, on the other hand, Hollywood, Henry Luce, *Reader's Digest*, and the government propaganda service are today eating up all the talent."

As for the academy, its scholars were largely the kind of people who believe

* It is amusing to read that Wilson regarded Joe McCarthy as a direct descendant of the Roosevelt demagoguery.



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## RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE NOVEMBER TITLES: *Q:* Why is Richard Nixon like the Moon? *A:* He has a light and a dark side. For more Milhous riddles and their solutions, read Raymond Price's *With Nixon* (Viking, $10.95). . . . James Reston Jr.'s *The Innocence of Joan Little: A Southern Mystery* (Times Books, $11.95) argues that the South considered itself on trial in the case of the Negro girl who stabbed her jailer in "self-defense," and wanted her freed. Reston's case took on an added plausibility with Miss Little's mysterious escape from prison two weeks ago. . . . Rabbi Meir Kahane, the Yasir Arafat of Jewish activism, asserts in *Why Be Jewish? Intermarriage, Assimilation, and Alienation* (Stein & Day, $8.95): "All of them—Jewish organizations, temples, rabbis, parents—have sinned against our children; now their blood is required." . . . According to Richard J. Barnet, writing in *The Giants: Russia and the United States* (Simon & Schuster, $7.95), the "anachronistic rivalry" between the U.S.A. and the USSR is perpetuated mainly by "half a dozen or so individuals in Washington or Moscow." . . . *Dropshot: The United States Plan for War with the Soviet Union in 1957* (Dial Press/James Wade Books, $11.95) is a collection of documents pertaining to a blueprint for war with the Soviet Union, worked out by the Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1949 on the orders of President Truman. The volume was compiled and edited by Anthony Cave Brown, the author of *Bodyguard of Lies.* . . . Nick Tosches, who writes on music for *Rolling Stone* and other fora, has written *Country: The Biggest Music in America* (Stein & Day/Scarborough House, $10.95). It looks very authoritative.

Just as we suspected it would be, John McPhee's splendid reportorial study of Alaska, *Coming into the Country* (Farrar, $10), will shortly be available in the bookstores. . . . *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet* (Farrar, $15) is by James Atlas. . . . One hundred twenty-eight selections from the religious writings of C. S. Lewis will shortly be available as *The Joyful Christian* (Macmillan, $7.95). . . . In *The Devil: Perceptions of Evil from Antiquity to Primitive Christianity* (Cornell, $15), Jeffrey Burton Russell, director of the Medieval Institute at Notre Dame, provides an agnostic account of the historical manifestations of "the personification of evil."

that the literary fraternity ought to have its own equivalent of the American Medical Association, the better to uphold "professional standards," and had abandoned themselves utterly to the philistine pedantry of men who are not really interested in literature but rather in careerism. There was, moreover, in American criticism—whether social, political, or literary—the sort of stuffiness that infects the ideas of any class—whether it be based in Washington or on New York's Publishers' Row—once it has crystallized as a "responsible" establishment. "The people of the Twenties over here," he complained to a friend, "were quite different from the crop that have come since—the Depression made the difference, because it cut down money and freedom and inhibited people in various ways. I find that I can only talk comfortably with the writers of my own era—am always shocking others or seeming frivolous to them."

His political views, unhappily, were less astute than his cultural perceptions. In the Fifties and Sixties he was fond of arguing that the United States had nothing to fear from the USSR (though the converse did not for some reason follow). "The President is well intended," he observed to William Faulkner in 1956, "but his talk about 'our American ideology' and 'the great struggle being waged between the two opposing ways of life' is, in my opinion, nonsense. The American ideology is not to have any ideology, and the Soviets and the States, for good or ill, have all along had a good deal in common, more perhaps than either now has with Europe, and have in various ways been imitating one another." For the benefit of Dos Passos, who had become a fervent Goldwater supporter and a contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW, Wilson identified the chief problem facing all nations, whether capitalist or Communist, as "the apparently inevitable tendency toward centralization and nationalization [that crushes] individual initiative and any leeway for minority groups. (The old vocabulary of 'socialism' and 'capitalism' seems to me completely out of date.)"

Here is the crux of the matter. Wilson heartily disliked the modern state for its overweening power and the debased sort of mob culture that invariably attends it. He was at bottom one of the last of the Jeffersonian Republicans. Back in 1930, he had told Allen Tate that he had "moments of trying to become converted to American Communism in the same way that Eliot makes an effort to become converted to Anglo-Catholicism. It is not that Communism itself isn't all right, but all that sort of thing in America seems even more unrelated to real life than Catholicism in England."

Now, in the ascendency of the Pentagon and the Great Society, Wilson was appalled "to see how much this country is getting to be run by engineers, bureaucrats, and the Armed Forces"; even as he made sport of Dos Passos for his Goldwaterism, likening him to a teenager at a Beatles concert, he was insisting that Americans were being "tyrannized over" by the Federal Government in a way that gave them greater cause for insurrection than ever the framers of the Declaration suffered—"but they seem to take it lying down." That Wilson was all of his life a staunch individualist at heart is clear when one considers how, at the outset of his career, he praised Emerson and Thoreau for having made the point that "all real distinction, achievement, and worth depend upon what the individual can do in himself and by himself," and forgave Thoreau for doing what Wilson, toward the end of his life, himself did: refusing to pay his income taxes.

Wilson was one of those old-line WASP patrician-intellectuals (Henry Steele Commager and the late Robert Lowell are other specimens of the breed) whose seeming radicalism is in fact a kind of reaction, a harking back to the early days of the American Republic—say, to the Administrations of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson—when America was in its purest phase of Anglo-Saxon democracy. Such a polity, conjoined with a sophisticated and cosmopolitan culture that had coined its own idiom from a successful assimilation of European traditions into its native Puritanism, represented for Wilson the sum of human felicity.

AFTER HE HAD published *Apologies to the Iroquois* and *O Canada!* (about the secessionist movement in Quebec) Wilson told Don Passos ruminatively, "I seem nowadays to be obsessed with minorities . . . feeling that I belong to one myself." This remark Daniel Aaron—oblivious to its conscious or unconscious irony—hilariously accepts, in his introduction, at face value. Yet Aaron himself is not completely blind to the importance of Wilson's social background: he attributes his "almost proprietary feeling toward the country he



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alternately defended and chastised" in part to "what might be called ancestral conditioning."

Edmund Wilson's ultimate chagrin derived precisely from the disappointment and resentment of a betrayed proprietor of a vast and beloved estate. Many people have used the term "magisterial" to describe him and his work and on neither is the word wasted. But every magistrate needs a grand tradition (which is to say a living tradition) over which to preside, and at the time of Wilson's death no such tradition, in spite of the hopes of his younger days, existed. When Wilson shoved off for bliss eternal in 1972, the inheritor to Woodrow Wilson's high estate was Richard Nixon and the successors to the Twenties literati were "the media." While neither of these facts reduced the United States to anything like the condition Wilson believed it to be in, they do not add up to a new "American Renascence," either. And what are people like Edmund Wilson for, if not to take critical note of such matters? Stubborn and recalcitrant intellectuals of his type are indeed displaced persons in modern civilizations; and Wilson's criticisms of his own country would have been entirely reasonable had he been more disposed to accept the necessary exigencies of its existence and, when it came to certain political issues, to render unto Caesar what Caesar does best. □

*Selected Letters of William Faulkner*
*Edited by Joseph Blotner*
*Random House, 488 pp., $15*

## THE YOKNAPATAWPHA LETTERS

M. E. BRADFORD

There is a natural and necessary interest in the private correspondence of great men, and particularly of important writers. Now we are favored with a small selection of the letters of William Faulkner, assembled by his official biographer. As Professor Blotner acknowledges, they are not the handiwork of a self-conscious practitioner of the epistolary art, not a subdivision of his authorship prepared with posterity in mind. Faulkner had hoped that no such book would be made, just as he had hoped that there would be no inquiry into the other details of his personal life. But those who honor his artistic achievement must rejoice that, at least to some degree, his "ambition to be, as a private individual, abolished and voided from history" has not been fulfilled. For he wrote many good letters, some of them useful in understanding his work and the circumstances of its creation. In that enterprise we need all the help we can find.

As I said, this is a very small selection. Much of Faulkner's correspondence is still sequestered in private hands. Other letters appear here under unusual conditions, or in a form too incomplete to be of use. Blotner has collected what he could get. I particularly appreciate the letters to editors, publishers, and agents. They inform us of how the books were put together, of the stages in their composition, and of their author's intentions.

Also instructive are the numerous communications concerning Faulkner's


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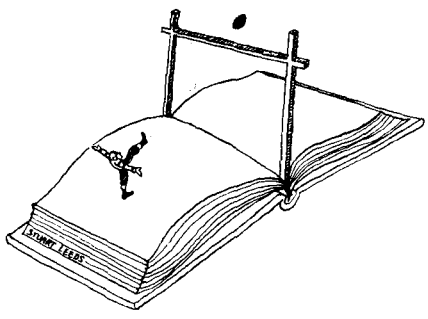
short stories. It is easy for us to forget that the Mississippi writer's success, both in reputation and in money, with this form was the foundation on which he built his career. Later came Hollywood, to which Faulkner turned whenever the market for his stories declined or his imaginative resources ran dry. His letters from and about the film capital tell us much about his sense of vocation. Always he regretted prudential interruptions in his serious work, for, by the late Thirties, he had come to believe that he was "the best in America, by God." What impels us to read his letters is our conviction that he was correct in this judgment of himself.

THOUGH OLD-FASHIONED and sometimes reticent, Faulkner's letters are interesting and well-made. And of all kinds. Apart from what they tell us of his individual works, they also reveal much of his general view of life, the view which drove him, as he grew older, to think more often of the significance of his art to the world at large, and of his duty as a Nobel laureate. We read of his many trips for the State Department, of interviews, and of positions taken on the issues of the day.

After 1950, his private correspondence sounds the same patriarchal note. Liberals will not enjoy his attack on the NAACP in a letter to a Negro friend, or his remarks on cultural exchange with the Marxist powers. But it is not for his traditionally Southern, anti-federalist politics that we will scan these occasional productions of a master's hand. Instead we will search for explanations of those amazing 15 years of matchless creativity. Looking back in 1953, Faulkner himself spoke of the mystery of a "gift." His letters point us finally toward that datum, where the enduring spirit yet resides. □



*The Ivankiad*
*By Vladimir Voinovich*
*Farrar, 132 pp., paper $3.95*

# A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN

## D. KEITH MANO

I'll tell you what human dignity is: it's a door. One that can be shut. Me, I'm gregarious only when alone. Writes Vladimir Voinovich, "I've always wanted to have a separate room all for myself." Private is high rank in Russia. And even in America there are two sorts of executive: those with an office door and those without. *The Ivankiad* is about VV's attempt—one that could have jeopardized both career and freedom—to achieve a door. Written with lithe wit in the Russian second person. Mind now, the Russian second person is different from the English: somehow it makes a reader accessory: whispering and KGB men are implied: and deep trust. It scares me. I don't want that responsibility. I read *The Ivankiad* with the bathtub tap on. Loud.

*The Ivankiad* has been called a satire. But how can that be? Satire involves exaggeration for effect, and *The Ivankiad* is a factual account. In truth, Russia and America are so anode/cathode different that their very existence on the same globe entails inter-national parody. Both West-East and East-West. "My fancy is insufficient to imagine what they can think up over in the West. Perhaps some sort of stereophonic toilet, or one that turns the raw materials it devours into pure gold." Gold I don't know about. But at the last Mid-Atlantic Plumbing & Heating Exposition I did dry-run a stereophonic john. We—Russia and America—beggar each other's imagination. Satire, ha: Swift might as well have written the "Modest Proposal" about a nation of cannibals.

Quick plot summary: VV and his pregnant wife have a one-room flat (24.41 square meters) in the Writers' Cooperative Apartment Building. Cooperative Assembly votes that VV shall get the next free two-room apartment. Apartment becomes available. Available, but adjacent to the three-room flat of Ivanko, a powerful Soviet pol (now with USSR UN delegation). Ivanko wants to break one wall down—total, four rooms—so that he can spread out his American-made acquisitions, also super American toilet. The Assembly is chicken. Ivanko, among other things, can control publication of any book in Russia. VV, a known dissident (and a Jew), takes him on nonetheless. The bureaucratic scrimmaging will suck up all of VV's creative talent from February through July. Big surprise: happy ending.

While in Leningrad with the dissident and raucous *NR* delegation, I spoke to an American professor of Soviet law. He assured me that Russia's legal machine is unwieldy but quite fair: in small matters at least. I was skeptical, but *The Ivankiad* will bear him out. The bureaucracy is so brontosaurian that it will bottleneck—WIDE LOAD—even its most eminent bureaucrats. No one, at almost any level, would dare take an irregular initiative. Of course, if the effort to adjust your incorrect Con Ed computer bill equals say, $X$, then the effort to attain your Soviet rights can be expressed as $X^{100}$. Eventually, though, even Ivanko will learn that subordinates are more afraid of abridging *Bleak House* Soviet law than they are of him.

BUT WHY SHOULD Ivanko belong to the writers' collective? Well, he wrote one monograph in 1955 (44 pp., with maps). "Yes," member X says, "it's a dull book, but then, we are not a union of *talented* writers, we are a union of *Soviet* writers." To which VV would answer: "I considered that the designation 'talented writer' was a tautology. An untalented writer is not a writer at all." Yet he sleeps poorly that night. "I dreamed of a white saucepan. . . . For some reason I decided that, although it probably shouldn't be considered a writer, it could be admitted into the Writers' Union." And you wonder why Russian literature, with its natural resources of mighty themes, will so often concentrate on minutiae: an apartment, a chance shove while strolling along Nevsky Prospekt. Because, in immense, omnitangent bureaucracies, the most piddling subject is simile enough for nation, people, soul. No doubt Soviet strategy in Angola has been decided more or less as ownership of VV's apartment was decided. Through the proper channels.



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I end with VV's most trenchant insight. It explains the Russian mind, the structure of Dostoyevsky's novels, why *Mary Hartman* doesn't appear on Soviet TV—and probably SALT II as well. "I have often wondered why there were so many former (and not so former) punitive-service employees in the Writers' Union. And now I understand: because they really are writers. How many plots they've created . . . Subversive organizations spreading across the whole country . . . Take for example the now famous shorthand report of the trial of Bukharin et al. Regard it as a work of art . . . What a grandiose plot, and how cohesive and integrated everything was. It's just too bad that the characters were living people, otherwise you might be able to stand reading it." □

*The Growth of Crime*
*By Sir Leon Radzinowicz and Joan King*
*Basic Books, 342 pp., $11.95*

## CRIMINAL AFFLUENCE

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Sir Leon not infrequently has been called the Dean of Criminologists—an ambivalent compliment. But he appears to like the role of elder statesman of criminology, and he certainly has earned the respect he is accorded. His knowledge, particularly his historical and factual knowledge, is vast. Here he brings it to bear illuminatingly in considering the many factors which may account for the worldwide growth of crime. That growth, he and Miss King point out, has been remarkable: "As the curve of affluence was gathering momentum the curve of crime began to follow it. Its ascent during the past 15 years accounts for two-thirds of the increase during the century."

So much for the idea that crime hasn't really increased, or that the increase of crime is caused by an increase of poverty. Or for that matter of oppression. Between 1955 and 1964 the rate of crime went up 70 per cent in *la belle France*, while the Swedish welfare state saw an increase of 44 per cent and Italy 40 per cent. (Don't worry, we did better than all of these with about 100 per cent; after all, we are the most prosperous major nation in the world.) Crime, obviously, increased with affluence, and it increases no matter how that affluence is distributed. Even totalitarian systems which minimize liberty in favor of an oppressive order do not succeed in minimizing crime. Official Soviet data are not available—or for that matter credible—but in addition to what we know about the Gulag Archipelago, much indirect evidence indicates that the rate of crime is high and going higher.

Sir Leon and Miss King add, correctly, that everywhere much crime goes undetected, unreported, or unrecorded. Even of recorded crimes, many—the great majority—go unpunished. The offenders are not caught, not convicted, or, even if convicted, not seriously punished. On punishment, the authors, though they try to be fair as well as comprehensive, are often superficial. Judge Marvin Frankel's insistence that judges be compelled to specify their rationale for sentences and that legislative mandates be more determinate is dismissed as simplistic. Judge Frankel simplistic? I think the dismissal is. ("Simplistic"—i.e., I don't like your argument—is one of the few cant words Radzinowicz and King use.) The insistence of a working party of Quakers who, having learned from what the Quakers themselves were so instrumental in introducing, wish to separate rehabilitative from punitive activities is also dismissed with undue contempt. On the death penalty the authors failed to do their homework, and it shows.

But their book should not be read as a thorough analysis of any problem. Rather, its virtue is in its comprehensiveness, its historical awareness, and the ease with which the layman is introduced to the numerous factors affecting crime and our response to it. The price of occasional superficiality is well worth paying for the historical perspective, richness of detail, and liveliness. (Why do Anglicized Poles write so well? Sir Leon certainly does, with whatever help from Miss King.)

On the causation of crime, this book has less to say than on the control of crime. One reason may be that so little is known about it. There, too, the historical perspective the authors bring to bear is the most valuable part of their work—although their attempt to be fair to all theories not only may confuse the reader, but makes them appear confused as well. Since no theory of crime causation leads to any feasible policy of crime control, it probably does not matter—nor do the minor flaws of this book. I recommend it to anyone who wishes an urbane, lively, and comprehensive description of the growth of crime, and an idea of what criminologists think about it. □

# THE MOVIES

## BERLIN ON $50,000 A DAY

JOHN SIMON

In Fred Zinnemann's film from Lillian Hellman's story "Julia," there is a moment when Lillian (Jane Fonda) tells her lover Dashiell Hammett (Jason Robards) that she enjoys fame—being recognized when she goes to buy a jar of mayonnaise. I doubt whether the filmmakers are aware of their gaffe: the best known mayonnaise in America is Hellmann's, though it has no connection with the author of "Julia" and *Pentimento*, the book of memoirs of which that story is a part. What viewers ought to recognize in seeing the movie is some sort of truth about people and life; instead, they get a famous brand name. The interest up there is theoretically sustained by the name of Lillian Hellman, and "Dash" Hammett, along with the names of the stars, who include Vanessa Redgrave portraying the heroic Julia, written, directed, and acted in a way so noble and good that butter, let alone mayonnaise, would not melt in her mouth.

Very little of what happens in the film is intrinsically interesting, so that for the non-megalopolitan public essentially ignorant of who Hellman, Hammett, Dorothy Parker, and Alan Campbell were, the film loses its main selling point. For the more cultivated moviegoer, however, the film can function only as a comic-strip version of what it is like to be a famous writer, or a dedicated anti-Nazi fighter like Julia; indeed, considering how the film handles them, Dorothy Parker and her



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husband can easily go unrecognized by the most sophisticated viewer. Here I think a statement by the director, Fred Zinnemann, is highly significant: to have shown Parker, the cynical wit, in the solemn context of anti-Nazi struggle and death, he said, would have been an obscenity.

Nonsense. The truth, as represented by an artist, is never obscene; and humor, cynical or even frivolous, is never out of place, as Shakespeare, among others, has proved. I doubt whether there is anything as valuable to someone on the threshold of death as a good laugh—hard as it may be to come by. It is only a paltry mind that has to be utterly solemn in the face of a Major Theme. Still, the simplistic mentality of Zinnemann and Alvin Sargent, the screenwriter, is matched by Lillian Hellman's apparent unawareness of what she was doing in her story. She was trying (ostensibly) to extol the heroism of her friend Julia, about whose underground activities, however, she knew and knows precious little. So we have to admire a shadowy figure about whom we are continually told that she lived and died nobly in a noble cause, but whom we can see and feel for far too little for identification. Hence it is Lillian's smuggling $50,000 into Germany for the anti-Nazi underground that becomes the film's big event, even though Hellman is careful to present herself as somewhat of a bumbler, and even though various members of the underground watch over her and guide her steps all along the way.

Still, it is Hellman who emerges as the not exactly unsung heroine of a work that might more honestly have been called *Lillian*. Aware of the dearth of material about Julia, Zinnemann and Sargent have eked it out with other bits of *Pentimento* and anecdotal matter about Hellman, who, apparently, kept a wary eye on the filming. As usual, film has been unsuccessful in conveying a writer's struggles to write, not very dramatic stuff intrinsically, even if it has been souped up here to such moments of close combat as an angry Lillian throwing her typewriter out of the window. Further mileage was squeezed out of the somewhat hectic relationship between Dash and Lillian (toned down and purified as it is in the movie), all of which merely unbalances the proceedings, with Julia fading farther and farther into the nebulous background.

ZINNEMANN, who many years ago was able to make decent pictures, now chokes on his own portentousness. Fonda is handed some relatively undistinguished bits of Hellman's prose to deliver in voiceover narration whose tone, for naked awe, matches that of a television commercial plugging an expensive funeral parlor. The gambols of young Julia and Lillian (invented for the film) are shot in a setting in which *Vogue* might pose the latest high fashions. The last meeting between the friends in a Berlin restaurant is filmed as if a trip to the lady's room were fraught with immense personal danger, and as if a man watching the women from a table near the door were plotting their doom rather than merely savoring their faces and figures.

Douglas Slocombe is the cinematographer *par excellence* to make everything glitter (*The Great Gatsby*, *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*), and so even a vicious Nazi-staged riot at the University of Vienna looks like an elegant farandole that unaccountably got out of hand. The acting, too, seems reverential to a fault, with Fonda (a far too unplain Jane to portray Lillian) always suggesting weights suspended from her limbs and voice, and Redgrave relentlessly posing for a portrait of Joan of Arc. The supporting cast has little chance to do anything but assume stances, although Maximilian Schell and Lisa Pelikan, who plays the young Julia, manage to sneak bits of the third dimension into the general flatness.

The film never even comes to grips with what this great bond between Julia and Lillian is truly based on, since they certainly don't see each other much, and do not really share activities and interests. This is the sort of shallowness exhibited by another current "feminist" film, Agnès Varda's *One Sings, the Other Doesn't*, in which we are asked to believe in an intense relationship between two women who do not see each other for periods of ten years. But, in general, films today do not seem to ask any of the key questions about personality and relationships, about the very significance of human behavior.

IN A PIECE of vulgar and inept—but mostly well-reviewed—filmmaking such as James Ivory's *Roseland*, for example, we are supposed to sympathize with a very rich middle-aged matron who spends most of her time at the dance hall where her live-in lover is a sort of resident gigolo. That the man (played by Christopher Walken in his customarily surly manner) is vaguely reprehensible, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's trashy script makes reasonably clear; but what about the matron who keeps him, cossets him, indulges him, and sits or dances around Roseland endlessly, mindlessly, contentedly? That something must be gravely wrong with this woman (unsubtly played by Joan Copeland), the film does not begin to suggest.

Yet we are supposed to feel for her, and for the other superficially observed and sentimentally inflated puppets in this movie. There are performances here—such as the appalling hamming of Lilia Skala as a former cook who pretends to have been an opera singer and comes to Roseland to relive the glory of a concocted past—that ought not to pass muster in a dinner theater where they would give away the food.

Now, what we really need is a movie about Hellmann's mayonnaise. How did it become rich and famous? Who put its owners and their wives into Cadillacs and sables, or their equivalents?

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How did it beat out other brands of mayonnaise? As for the pious platitudes about writing and man–woman relations exchanged between this other Hellman and her equally cardboard lover, dashed if I can care about them. □

## TELEVISION

### CAVETT GOES PUBLIC

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Dick Cavett started out as a Nebraskan, but he went to Yale and reformed; then, trained as an actor, he moved to New York and wrote copy for comedians, including Groucho Marx and Jack Paar, before finding himself as a professional failure. He has become the Adlai Stevenson of television. Having flunked the Nielsen test, he has moved on to the public sector—namely, to public television, for which the President is seeking a federal appropriation of a billion dollars a year, presumably in the hope of making the vast wasteland a national park. The argument for subsidizing Cavett, I guess, is that this is the only way poor people will get to see him. (I wonder whether a single poor person has ever watched *Upstairs, Downstairs*: I know it's big in the Princeton area, where I live.) In television, notoriously, ten cents and a *succès d'estime* will get you a cup of coffee. The purpose of public television is to make the coffee available to those who don't have the dime.

Cavett, it will be recalled, hosted a morning talk show on ABC in the late Sixties, and was so well received by the critics that the network, then in its lofty, pre-Fred Silverman phase (Laurence Olivier was getting to be a regular in those days), saw fit to pitch him against Johnny Carson in the 11:30 P.M. slot.

I liked Cavett then—still do, sometimes. So I turned on his first nighttime show with hopes as high as the next pointyhead's. Alas, his opening monologue was full of Agnew cracks, the Polish jokes of that era, which I disliked, it transpires, more than I had a right to. But I disliked something else about it too: I disliked the way the smart young Manhattanite audience laughed—a mean, bullying laughter—


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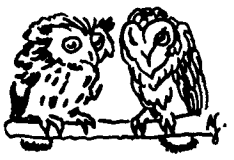
and, worse yet, the way Cavett seemed willing to play to it. He was—how do you say—a bit of an impudent snob. He got his *succès d'estime,* John Leonard—in those days reviewing television as "Cyclops"—hailing him as the next Kant, or something.

In the current *Esquire,* Norman Mailer recalls his own much-publicized spat on the Cavett show—he went after Gore Vidal, apparently ready to slug him (he had butted Vidal in the face backstage before the show, he says; a few days after the article appeared he butted *and* slugged him at a party) because Vidal had recently compared him, Mailer, to Charles Manson. Cavett had taken the side of Vidal, Janet Flanner, and the studio audience against Mailer; which, given Mailer's inebriated deportment, was perhaps excusable. What was less excusable was Cavett's escalating the brawl: as host, his job was to remain, if not impartial, at least judicious in his decision against his guest.

That was always an unattractive tendency in him. I noticed it again and again, as he took on dreadnoughts like Lester Maddox while sitting in the shadow of fullback-actor Jim Brown; or when he derided not only the thesis but the prose style of George Gilder (*Sexual Suicide*). It's hard enough to defend your own prose on such an occasion (could even Lord Chesterfield have managed it?); what made it worse was that the audience was full of howling feminists, a pair of whom rushed the stage to present Gilder with an urn of ashes, symbolizing the victims of sexists like him, and that the other guests—actor Robert Shaw, apparently drunk, and comedians Peter Cook and Dudley Moore—were helping flay the victim. Finally Moore, who is even more diminutive than Cavett, gallantly switched sides to stick up for Gilder. It is one thing for a host to argue with a guest, another to insult him, and still another to lead a mob against him; but such was Cavett's way. It may have endeared him to his audience, but it contrasted unappealingly with his fawning on guests of unassailable reputation and public stature like Olivier. One night Bill Sikes, the next night Uriah Heep.

Despite some memorable shows—with Orson Welles, Fred Astaire, and philosopher Paul Weiss (Cavett's teacher at Yale)—the overall quality of the program was precious and irritating. Every commercial interruption affronted Cavett, who sneered and snarled at each sponsor as if it had been Babbitt horning in on Plato; the Johnny Carson of the New Class was ungraciously indifferent to the conditions of his public existence.

I vividly remember the night I gave up on him forever. His guests that evening were John Lindsay, Gloria Steinem, and Philippe Cousteau, who were to discuss John Lindsay, feminism, and walruses, respectively. Lindsay, just thrashed in the Wisconsin Democratic primary, explained that the Midwestern voters just weren't *ready* to hear about issues like gun control, etc., etc. Click. I turned it off until I calculated that Lindsay's time was up. Click: on again, and there was Gloria, explaining that the problem is that all the history books are written by *men*—click. I waited a few more minutes for Cousteau. You can't go wrong with walruses, I reasoned; if there are clichés about walruses, I don't know them. Click. Cousteau walked on, sat down, waited for the applause to die. "Tell me, Mr. Cousteau," Cavett began, "is the walrus an endangered species?" Cousteau stared at him: "No!" he replied, as if wondering where Cavett ever heard such a thing. Cavett was as unprepared for this rejoinder as if, playing Hamlet at the Yale Drama School, he had been informed by his father's ghost that death had been due to natural causes. I had been vaguely curious as to what walruses eat, and whether they need a lot of sleep, and maybe something about their love life; but I clicked the set off for good. I didn't want these questions asked on my ignorant behalf by an interrogator who obviously found nothing interesting about the zoological world except its imminent extinction.



So Cavett is back now, on Channel 13 in New York and even higher numbers out there in the provinces, where they aren't really *ready* for him. (Check your Nebraska *TV Guide.*) He doesn't have a studio audience any more, and he's only on for thirty minutes, and the reviewers this time are saying he's mostly a bore, and they're mostly right. But you may as well watch him. You're paying for him. And at least there are no commercials. □

# ART

## RUSKIN REFUTED

RUTH BERENSON

As one who has had it up to here with Women's Lib, especially the chip-on-the-shoulder kind that whines about male exploitation as the root of all our failings, I approached the much-publicized exhibition Women Artists 1550-1950 with what can only be described as misgivings. Artists are artists, and, on principle, I see no reason to single out the "woman artist" as essentially unique, any more than the "woman poet" or the "woman taxidriver" or the "woman cook," all of whom perform their tasks for their own sake and not to compete with men.

Besides, it just didn't seem plausible that, as the preliminary publicity for this show seemed to imply, through the ages women artists have been systematically and unjustly ignored because men (read male chauvinist pigs), who have always had the say-so in art matters, resented their *chutzpah* in trying to do a man's job and thought they should stay with *kinder, küche, . . .* Well, I was wrong—or at least sort of wrong. Women Artists is indeed an important show, and I hope lots of art lovers in Los Angeles, Austin, and Pittsburgh saw it before its final stop at the Brooklyn Museum, where it will close November 27.

It is important in the way that any show is which brings to public attention a group of accomplished artists who, for whatever reasons, have been ignored. In this it resembles Painting of the French Revolution, shown in Paris, Detroit, and New York in 1975: a treasure-trove of works by little-known but gifted painters (including, incidentally, several women) which had reposed in storerooms of French provincial museums for 150 years or so before anyone unearthed them. If that exhibition proved anything, it was that lots of artists await rediscovery by art historians; and, given the odds, it's safe to assume that quite a number of them will turn out to be women.

Of course, not all the painters in Brooklyn, not even those who lived before 1800, are obscure. Artemisia Gentileschi and Sofonisba Anguisola are well-known to those interested in Ital-



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ian baroque art and were famous in their own day, as was, among others, Judith Leyster, talented disciple of Frans Hals. Still, the list of women artists, at least before our own time, is undeniably short, and Ann Sutherland Harris, who organized the pre-1800 section of this show, has done a remarkable ground-breaking job in coming up with so many fine ones, many of them unfamiliar even to specialists.

In the nineteenth century fewer women artists blushed unseen, but even here Linda Nochlin, responsible for this period, has come up with at least two novelties—Emily Mary Osborn, a gently feminist genre painter, and Lady Elizabeth Butler, who specialized in gory battle scenes that Ruskin reluctantly ("I have always said that no woman could paint") admired. For *Quatre Bras*, seen here, she persuaded members of the Royal Artillery to stage the whole affair for her, dressed in authentic uniforms; she studied falling horses in a circus and insisted that live ammunition be used. The result is worthy of Cecil B. De Mille.

In her catalogue essay, Miss Harris traces the vicissitudes of women artists from the Middle Ages on; clearly, right through the eighteenth century they labored under enormous difficulties. The most successful were generally the daughters or sisters of artists, who could give them the necessary training which others found hard to obtain. It was not until 1800 that women were finally permitted to receive some sort of academic instruction, though study of the male nude was forbidden them until the 1870s. Unquestionably, too, their role as wives and mothers interfered; although many chose not to marry, those who did often stopped painting.

Given all this, it is not surprising that their contributions to the art of their time, though substantial, were not on a level of genius; they were followers, not leaders. For example, although Rosalba Carriera, in her refined pastel portraits, has been recognized as the first artist to use the newly invented colored chalks, it was, as Miss Harris points out, her younger contemporary, Maurice Quentin de la Tour, who realized the possibilities of this medium. This is not to deny the stunning impact of many of these artists, especially Artemisia, who is unquestionably the star of the show. Perhaps nowhere in painting has the revulsion of an innocent young girl at the suggestive leers of a couple of nasty old men been as well conveyed as in her *Susanna and the Elders*; since legend has it that Artemisia herself was raped by the man her father engaged to teach her perspective, it seems likely that she knew whereof she painted. But she does not stand alone. Françoise Duparc's *The Seller of Tisane* ranks with the finest canvases of Louis Le Nain, and Anne Vallayer Coster's still-lifes are comparable to Chardin's. And there are many more, from all the periods represented.

The women's movement has already had considerable impact on the art world. Even the formerly staid meetings of the College Art Association have been shaken up by Libber art historians campaigning, in my view justifiably, against museums and college faculties for discriminating against them, and by women painters and sculptors complaining, less convincingly, that dealers are prejudiced. In such


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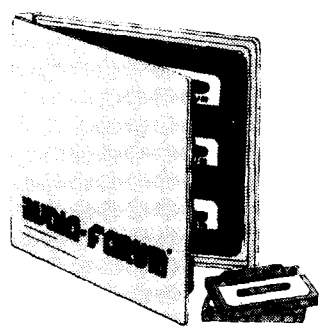


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a climate, a major exhibition of women artists was inevitable, and this one is cause for rejoicing. Nevertheless, the catalogue, otherwise a model of precise scholarship, is badly marred by special pleading, even in the footnotes; reproaches are leveled at this or that male scholar for his use of a male artist to illustrate a point that could have been made by a female artist, or for his characterization of a particular woman artist as "heavy-handed" despite her "occasional charm." It is hard to believe that the scholars in question, all of them honorable men, would have been guilty of these slights had they not believed they were merited. Methinks the ladies do protest too much. □

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE MENACE OF INFLATION: *A Symposium, edited by G. Carl Wiegand (Devin-Adair, 229 pp., $8.95).* Arthur Burns has said that inflation is our "Number One problem in the long run," and multitudes of financially harried Americans (including, one suspects, many who were once bemused by the notion that a little bit of inflation was good for the country) might agree with him. The 16 authors of *The Menace of Inflation* give point and cogency to Burns's caveat. Moreover, if they sometimes differ, even on important matters, they nevertheless agree in repudiating the fashionable wisdom that government can contain inflation and remedy all the ills associated therewith. Rather, they persuasively argue, government itself is the problem. These essays—by such knowledgeable and well-known writers as John Chamberlain, Lawrence Fertig, Patrick Boarman, Arthur Kemp, and Yale Brozen, among others—were first delivered at a conference of the Committee for Monetary Research and Education held at Georgetown University in 1974. Relatively easy to read for the most part, even the more difficult among them amply repay careful attention. This is a hard-hitting book, and it also contains more distilled wisdom on the troublesome subject of inflation than one will encounter in any comparable volume known to this reviewer.

MICHAEL F. CONNORS

YUKIKO, *by Macdonald Harris (Farrar, 277 pp., $8.95).* Ostensibly a novel about World War II, *Yukiko* actually filters the actions of Macdonald Harris' small band of fighting men through the Sixties' ethics of non-violence. The hero throws the guns away, while the villain—a dogmatic, determined commando—is obsessively intent on the American foursome's carrying out its mission, the blowing up of a supply of "heavy water" (a key substance in nuclear processes) stored on the Japanese island of Hokkaido. The enemy, therefore, is not the Japanese but Havenmeyer, the aggressive member of the American commando team. Supertrained to do everything by the book, Havenmeyer has never learned to think. Hence, he forces the others to complete a task they regard as pointless. How can a book with so many action scenes fail to be exciting? How can the outcome of an atomic mission fail to provide suspense? It's easy—if the book is populated with a cast of characters as vague as they are listless. Even the primitive Ainus, the indigenous people the Americans infiltrate, can do nothing but mouth platitudes, epitomizing an intellectual's ideal of simple-minded seers. Since the book is touted as a romance, it is astounding to discover that its heroine, Yukiko, is nothing but a rubber doll, an elaborate device for masturbation. Not much hope for romance there. But considering the flaccidity of the heroes, for them she may very well be the perfect mate.

CAROLE CLEAVER

BY FORCE OF WILL: *The Life and Art of Ernest Hemingway, by Scott Donaldson (Viking, 367 pp., $13.95).* Although Carlos Baker's *Ernest Hemingway* (1969) is likely to remain the definitive biography for quite a while, Professor Donaldson has accomplished in half the space something more difficult and rewarding: he has managed to relate the life to the art without blurring the enormities of the first or denigrating the achievements of the second. Since Hemingway's suicide in 1961 it has been the fashion to dismiss his fiction as little more than a thinly veiled self-portrait of the killer, the bully, the blusterer, the drinker, the coward, the loner, and the liar that were always facets of the complex Hemingway personality. Such equally important facets as the brave man, the truth-seeker, the generous friend, the industrious craftsman, the gentle lover, and the self-doubting seeker after immortality who held death at bay "by force of will" tend to be dismissed as the weaknesses of a sentimentalist. It's a tribute to both the drama of Hemingway's life and the skill of Donaldson's construction that the organization of this study into groups of chapters headed "Fame," "Money," "Sport," "Politics," "War," "Sex," and so on produces little repetition and no boredom. The author is particularly good at showing the evolution of the famous style ("Nothing was to be wasted, nothing given away"), tracing the roots of Hemingway's anti-hedonistic work-ethic, and placing his "how to" obsession in the honorable tradition of American technological accomplishment.

SELDEN RODMAN



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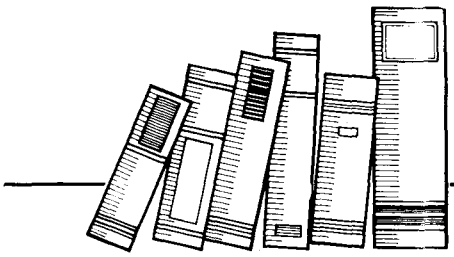

# Dark Horses

DOROTHY NELKINS is distressed. As she shows us in *Science Textbook Controversies and the Politics of Equal Time* (MIT Press, $12.95), there is abroad in the land a stinging backlash against the dogmatic teaching of Darwinian evolution, and this has all good secularist humanists worried.

Miss Nelkins, who is on the faculty at Cornell, recounts the numerous recent episodes in which religious believers have protested the bland promotion of Darwinian theory as fact, demanded equal time for creationist views concerning the origin of things, and opposed adoption of course materials (such as the federally funded MACOS project) which operate on materialist relativist premises about human life.

The author interprets all of this as an ominous rebellion against "science," of a piece with reading chickens' entrails or joining the Conservative Party of New York. Yet despite her constant and obtrusive bias, the book is a halfway useful guide to the burgeoning creationist movement and the forces that have rallied against the preaching of secular humanism in the schools. Every so often, indeed, she hints at the actual reason for the creationist upsurge: the fact that the Darwinian world-view, far from being incarnate "science," is nowadays an intellectual shambles.

This point has been made not only by creationists (Henry Morris, John T. Whitcomb, John N. Moore) but also by secular intellectuals (Jacques Barzun, Gertrude Himmelfarb) who observe that the neo-Darwinian notion of human life's arising through genetic mutation is so wildly improbable as to require a gigantic leap of faith for acceptance. This and related matters are discussed by A. E. Wilder-Smith, a doctor of organic chemistry and professor of pharmacology at the University of Illinois, in *Man's Origin, Man's Destiny* and *The Creation of Life* (Harold Shaw Publishers, Box 567, Wheaton, Ill. 60187; both $5.95).

Professor Wilder-Smith makes many learned arguments, drawing on his considerable knowledge of physics, chemistry, and recent advances in cybernetics. His major point is that it is profoundly *un*scientific to suppose (as the evolutionists must) that ordered structures somehow arose through the random workings of primeval energy, since everything we know of science generally, of the structures about us in human life, and of the chemical coding of the genetic system tells us that order is the product of intelligence, and that the end result of perfect randomness must be *dis*order. Ultimate design, that is, bespeaks an ultimate designer. Readers may wish to compare these volumes to the effusions of Miss Nelkins and decide for themselves which is the more appealing avatar of "science."

PROFESSOR ROBERT NISBET, the omnicompetent sociologist from Columbia, does not gainsay the neo-Darwinian view in terms of biological science, but vigorously contests it in the social sciences, as witness his *Social Change and History*, recently reprinted in paperback by the Oxford University Press ($3.95). After an erudite survey of the idea of social and cultural "development" from the ancient Greeks to modern historicists, Nisbet offers a telling refutation of these theories akin to the view supplied by Wilder-Smith: There is no evidence of telic "progress" mandated by the inner workings of the historical process, however the process (or the progress) is defined.

Such notions, Nisbet argues, are abuses of an all-too-natural but empirically unsupportable analogy of societies or cultures to organic life and its observable cycles of genesis, growth, and final decay. The imposition of patterns on the historical process, in other words, is the work of human intellect (or, in the Augustinian view, of divine intention)—suggesting again that order arises from intelligence, and not from random factuality: a subtle and persuasive case against the Darwins of the social sciences. —M. STANTON EVANS


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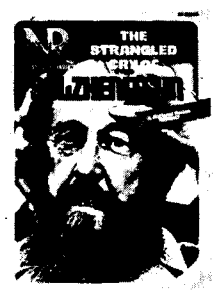


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### Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

PATRICIA [S.] COYNE:

*[The] Urge to Disengage*

Although my argument would never convince an activist, given the choice between marching and watching the pattern of the waves on the sand, I'll sit with the wave watcher. He's causing harm to no one and he's probably doing himself quite a bit of good.



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**ROSS**

(Continued from page 1362)

Solzhenitsyn, he says, served primarily to drive home the facts of Communist life. "It is a totalitarian state in the same way Nazi Germany was. Everything leads to the concentration camp. All that we now know about the Gulag we not only know, we believe. For so many years the French Left did not see." However, Lévy finds that the French Left still refuses to acknowledge the evil of Russia; it prefers instead to attack the New Philosophes. "There is a sort of spiritual Gulag here, where you are denounced for saying these things. The little political bodies that you had in '68—Maoists, Trotskyists, Leninists, all of those—are now all over France. Now it's not a few younger students playing at being revolutionaries, it's everywhere—it's in *Le Monde*!" He points to an article in that day's paper, wringing the necks of the New Philosophes.

Lévy even thinks, in his more exasperated moments, of expatriation to the United States or Israel. "For years and years I denounced the United States as a fascist country. Now we don't think that: it may become the one place where life is bearable." He would consider the move more seriously if the smiling power came to rule over France. Then, he says, the French and Russians would move closer together; there would, according to all historical models, be a break between France and Germany; and the United States would sit idly by, confident that Eurocommunism would give the Soviet Union more trouble than the Atlantic Alliance ever did.

It is odd to think that a cold war liberal has become one of the most controversial figures in recent French intellectual history, but that is precisely the case. Now all those editorial writers are going to have to rethink their sanguine pieces on Eurocommunism. Lévy's book is on its way to Italy, Spain, and Portugal. It is obvious that the philosophy of the New Philosophes is not half so remarkable as their timing. It appears that they have been elected to voice the second thoughts of Latin Europe concerning the future of the Left. If the Europeans are reconsidering, so must American liberals. It is rather nasty of Lévy and friends to make them do this, but like so much of French perversity, it has its point. ☐


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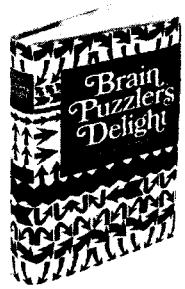
## Brain Puzzler's Delight

By E. R. Emmet

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# The Hijacking Proposal

**On The Right**

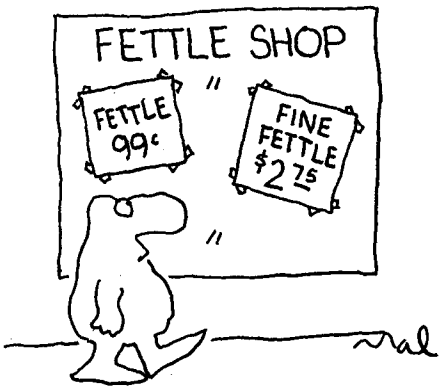
*New York*, Nov. 2—The American Jewish Congress has taken out advertisements urging an appealing program for coping with hijacking terrorism. The plan is in most respects sound, and its simplicity is an important part of its appeal: Boycott air traffic to any country that grants sanctuary to a hijacked airplane and its hijackers.

The AJC has a not entirely orthodox program for bringing about this boycott. Its appeal is addressed to the International Federation of Airline Pilots. It is asking that federation, in effect, to speak out in the name of its membership. Consider, for instance, Algeria, which a few weeks ago granted asylum to Japanese Red Army air pirates and let them keep the $6 million they wrested from Japan. Or consider Libya, which trained the terrorists who shot passengers boarding an El Al plane in Istanbul. Under the AJC plan, all pilots on international runs would decline to land a plane either in Algeria (in punishment for its continuing protection of the hijackers) or in Libya (in punishment for having trained the hijackers).

One would suppose, if the plan succeeded, that that would leave Libya and Algeria without regular commercial service from other than their own airlines. Not at all. The plan is comprehensive. The pilots having boycotted Algeria and Libya, they would proceed to boycott any country which permitted Libyan or Algerian planes to land in its airfields. Now if that program were to succeed, one gathers that the only airplanes landing in Algeria in the future would be those that emanated from Libya; and vice versa. Let us agree not to consider what then would happen if, say, a Libyan plane were hijacked by an Algerian terrorist. Let them sort that one out.

The plan, as I say, has great appeal, and there are grave and respectable reasons for any pilot's making such a demand. What troubles one slightly is the assumption, by a professional union, of responsibility which is properly exercised by governments of the whole people. There was a period during the Fifties and Sixties when anti-Communist dockside unions refused to unload cargo from Red bottoms or load it into Red bottoms, and, secretly, I for one rejoiced. But I took only fugitive pleasure from the inconvenience caused to the principal enemy of our civilization, because procedure is important. What would the AJC say if these same dockside unions, protesting the grand scale on which terrorism is practiced in the Soviet Union, asserted the same principle and declined to unload any boat coming from the Soviet Union or China, or any boat coming from any country that traded with the Soviet Union or China? Probably there would be some blurry talk about proper procedures. How important is that talk?

The pilots, in my judgment, should demand of the airlines themselves, and of the governments that regulate their activities, adoption of the AJC program. That is where the heat should be generated. It is only as a last recourse that the pilots should act on their own. And the proper way for them to act is to strike. Their justification for doing so is unanswerable. They are striking to protect their own safety. No airplane pilot, as we saw after the bloody event of last week, is safe from a crazed terrorist in the air. There are only two known ways to discourage hijacking. The first and most obvious is the AJC plan to make it impossible for a hijacker to find a place to land. The second is to execute convicted terrorists, so that there would be less of a motive for terrorism. (There would remain the motive of cash payments to the terrorists who, more properly, would then be simply airborne kidnappers.) If a pilot is not given a safe airplane to fly, he is certainly within his rights to refuse to fly it. An extension of that right covers the current situation.




But procedures are important, and the pilots should observe them. □

**CHINESE RIGHTS** *New York*, Nov. 12—We are coming close to what may be the end of a great affair, President Carter's with Human Rights. The affair began with his sublime appeals to human rights as a concrete objective of U.S. foreign policy, and there were the thunderclaps of purpose when for instance he replied to a letter from Academician Sakharov, or when he strolled into the office of his Vice President and chatted for a minute or two with the great Bukovsky. The cynics were saying that it would not last. The test, everybody agreed, would be: Belgrade. Thither has Mr. Carter dispatched Arthur Goldberg, as our representative to the international session convened to monitor the progress of the Helsinki pact. The Helsinki pact committed its signatories to respecting a detailed list of human rights. Our ambassador to the Belgrade conference finds himself in the position of a plaintiff appearing before a judge to complain that whereas he had ordered the construction company to build him the Eiffel Tower, the company instead provided him with an offshore oil rig. One hardly knows where to start. The diplomatic professionals expect that very little is going to come of the heavyweight match in Belgrade, Kid Glove Goldberg *versus* the Gulag Kid.

What has gone relatively unobserved is Mr. Carter's studied indifference to the question of human rights in the largest country in the world, which is nowadays called the People's Republic of China. There is not a recorded syllable of criticism by President Carter of the practices of the Gang of Gerontocrats who continue to govern the thoughts and movements of 800 million Chinese, whose silent dream of human



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rights is surely the salient unconcern of international diplomacy. The scandal is so egregious—the persecution of the Chinese people is on a scale so awesome, so awful—that inevitably what one would expect to happen has happened: we have all got used to it. If Hitler had executed the Jewish population within his empire not at the rate of a couple of million per year, intending a final solution within three years, but, say, at the rate of 5 per cent per year, and if Hitler had won the war in Europe, there would be Americans today defending Hitler, poets and priests among them.

Thus Mao and Maoism, having sinned against every ideal of the West, having violated every canon of the human spirit—are nowadays defended. The trustees of the Maoist regime have been transcended in the analysis of the most august moralists of the land, including Mr. James Reston, Mrs. Barbara Tuchman, and Professor John Kenneth Galbraith (whose technique was that of those who in the 1920s talked about the punctuality of Italian trains). But the most defensive of the defenders of Maoism are those who are professionally bound to a concern with human rights, and an example of the latter which chills the blood is a Jesuit priest identified as a "Professor of Religious Studies at the University of Santa Clara in California" who recently wrote in the *Los Angeles Times* a page of tribute to Mao which would not have been excelled in any tribute to Adolf Hitler by Rosenberg.

Father Tennant Wright says things like, Sure, it may be true that Mao killed a lot of people . . . "Possibly all this was true. Of how many effective political leaders during the last 3,000 years can most of these things not be said?"

He concludes that Maoism has accomplished what others could not: "To care for the poor, feed the hungry, give human dignity to the depressed, free the economically oppressed, and protect the innocents from the grasping. Somewhere deep in our Christian spirit are we aware that Mao succeeded where we failed in freeing the captive people of China from fear in body and spirit?"

People with the least knowledge of modern China read such words as these and tend to despair. The travesty on China is bad enough: that a nation as tortured by totalitarian ideology, bureaucratic caprice, meanness of spirit, paucity of effect, should thus be described hurts not only those in China who suffer from such intellectual betrayal. They suffer too who believe in the resources of reason. Above all they suffer who realize that someone wearing a Christian cross can celebrate the thoughts and acts of such a man as Mao, celebrating such means as brought Christ to agony.

Well, Father Wright is an unexcommunicated member of a church whose head, as recently as a few days ago, enjoined the Communist world to grant liberty to its people. Still, the Wrights have their influence, and give over to such as President Carter, who goes on day after day, week after week, month after month, posing as the champion of human rights, but funking the primary challenge to such a calling: does he believe that the Chinese people too are entitled to human rights? Or is it simply too big a problem? Eight hundred million people without human rights is perhaps too much to handle? If it were just a few hundred thousand, a few million—black Rhodesians, say—he could come to life on the problem? But China is, well—China. And, it suggests itself sadly, Carter is—Carter. □

## NATIONAL IDENTIFICATION CARD?

*New York*, Nov. 4—I am associated, in one of my lives, with what the professionals call a "little magazine." It is a journal of conservative thought and opinion, a small chapel filled with jeweled objects on which the season's lights refract through stained glass windows wonderfully, variously, inexhaustibly, illuminating the truths we live and die for. The tablet-keepers of that magazine received an afflatus recently, causing us to come out in favor of a national identity card, and we woke the next day to find ourselves surrounded by the faithful, hurling objects at us, charging that we had profaned the very foundation of our church. It is un-American to have an ID.

That is, in my judgment, a venture in ideological mystification. What *is* un-American is the invasion of privacy. The documentation of individual Americans is not *in itself* a violation of privacy. What is done with that documentation is what matters.

Before we had a federal Social Security Act, we did not need federal Social Security numbers. It would be chaotic to attempt to do without Social Security numbers now; and, so far as one can judge, Americans nowadays accept not only Social Security, but Social Security numbers; and there has been no abuse. Before the age of passports, there were no passport numbers; but there is no rational resentment of passports nowadays, if it is conceded that the identification of the individual is important.

Which brings us to the critical question. Much having been written on the problem of immigration, the subject of an identity card arises. It appears that there is available a technology for the manufacture of an identity card that is virtually proof against forgery. By definition, anything produced by craft can be reproduced by craft: but although it is unsafe to say that the contemplated identity card will be absolute proof of the identity of its holder, experts assure us it would take the resources of a superpower to duplicate it.

WHAT HAVE we got, if we have an identity card? A means not of damming the tide of immigrants coming in (primarily) over the Mexican border; but a means of greatly reducing their number. The population problem in Mexico is as severe as anywhere in the world. I was a student in Mexico when the population of the country was 22 million. In 1975 the woman was born (I quote a Mexican authority) who will become the mother of the 100-millionth living Mexican. The barometric difference between the economy of the American Sunbelt and of the north country of Mexico is of the kind that causes tidal waves. If there are already seven or more million illegals in the U.S. today, then they are already inundating us: but the floods lie ahead.

An identity card is not the solution, it is merely one device to aid in the regulation of one problem. The presumptive philosophical objections to it ought to be analyzed. If we believe that a country has the right to regulate citizenship by a rhythm suitable to its own priorities, then it follows that a country has the right to seek the means of distinguishing between those people within its frontiers who are citizens, and those who are not. An identity card is, of course, the kind of thing one associates with totalitarian regimes like Russia's and China's, and despotic regimes like South Africa's, which use it for the purpose of doing things no state should ever be permitted to do. But that is a contamination not of the card, but of its uses. This distinction—as we move cautiously into the question of what to do about the illegals—we ought to keep clearly in our mind. It would cause the armies beleaguering our little magazine to pack up, and go home. □

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# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

A. One who gawks at Hollywood characters — 13 199 175 30 1 53 62 75 50

B. To incite to anger — 82 144 192 117 147 54 181

C. Novel description of Mark's attitude toward Brutus — 86 6 100 11 24 56 84 189 182 74 / 184 129 99 118

D. Half of a railroad + part of a breakfast = noisy "music" — 98 2 125 18 21 123 179 201 37 88 / 149

E. Martha Hoople would like this Linotype operator — 106 16 51 83 66 151 5 95 122 138

F. Grimm character made attractive by Disney — 141 9 172 107 188 159 34 124 187

G. American inventor (1846-1914) — 169 4 92 102 135 140 57 80 116 112 / 68 157

H. German Lutheran theologian (1563-1616) — 186 47 71 194 191 36

I. Name of four Holy Roman emperors — 132 10 43 46

J. A deadlock — 25 49 63 178 39 126 193 197

K. $H^2O$ enriched in deuterium — 60 165 170 156 176 14 38 42 97 85

L. Season your admiration for a while With an _____ ear. *(Hamlet)* — 73 128 145 196 173 185

M. Crazy reason for being part of a train — 113 70 146 162 121 130 137 81 190 44

N. Simon Fraser, 12th Baron _____ — 131 143 28 12 110

O. Something that tries to get ahead — 20 33 41 65 72 94 111 133

P. Play by Ben Jonson — 155 3 91 15 31 52 61 105 58 120 / 153 177 79 93 148 174 77 198 32

Q. A broad sash worn as a waistband — 45 200 7 23 29 163 183 67 167 96

R. One of Attorney Abraham Lincoln's clients — 40 22 35 55 90 101 104 164 17 27 / 48 59 64 109 114 119 134 154 76 / 78 89 139 168

S. An explosive projectile used underwater — 150 8 142 158 103 152 161 166 136 171 / 180

T. An inning in which few baseball games are won — 160 87 115 195 69 202 19 127 26 108

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1382 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 1 A | 2 D | 3 P | 4 G | 5 E | 6 C | 7 Q | 8 S | 9 F | 10 I | | 11 C | 12 N | 13 A |
| | 14 K | 15 P | 16 E | 17 R | 18 D | 19 T | 20 O | | 21 D | 22 R | 23 Q | 24 C | 25 J | 26 T | | 27 R | 28 N |
| 29 Q | 30 A | 31 P | | 32 P | 33 O | 34 F | 35 R | 36 H | 37 D | 38 K | 39 J | | 40 R | 41 O | | 42 K | 43 I |
| 44 M | | 45 Q | 46 I | 47 H | 48 R | 49 J | 50 A | 51 E | | 52 P | 53 A | 54 B | 55 R | 56 C | 57 G | | 58 P |
| 59 R | | 60 K | 61 P | 62 A | 63 J | 64 R | 65 O | 66 E | 67 Q | 68 G | | 69 T | 70 M | | 71 H | 72 O | 73 L |
| 74 C | 75 A | 76 R | | 77 P | 78 R | | 79 P | 80 G | 81 M | 82 B | | 83 E | 84 C | | 85 K | 86 C | 87 T |
| 88 D | | 89 R | 90 R | 91 P | | 92 G | 93 P | 94 O | 95 E | 96 Q | 97 K | 98 D | 99 C | | 100C | 101R | |
| 102G | 103S | 104R | 105P | 106E | | 107F | 108T | 109R | 110N | | 111O | 112G | 113M | 114R | | 115T | 116G |
| 117B | 118C | 119R | 120P | 121M | 122E | 123D | 124F | | 125D | 126J | 127T | 128L | 129C | 130M | 131N | | 132I |
| 133O | | 134R | 135G | 136S | | 137M | 138E | 139R | 140G | 141F | 142S | 143N | 144B | 145L | | 146M | 147B |
| 148P | 149D | 150S | | 151E | 152S | 153P | 154R | 155P | 156K | 157G | | 158S | 159F | 160T | | 161S | 162M |
| 163Q | 164R | 165K | | 166S | 167Q | 168R | | 169G | 170K | 171S | 172F | 173L | | 174P | 175A | 176K | |
| 177P | 178J | 179D | 180S | 181B | 182C | | 183Q | 184C | | 185L | 186H | 187F | | 188F | 189C | 190M | 191H |
| | 192B | 193J | | 194H | 195T | 196I | | 197J | 198P | 199A | 200Q | 201D | 202T | | | | |



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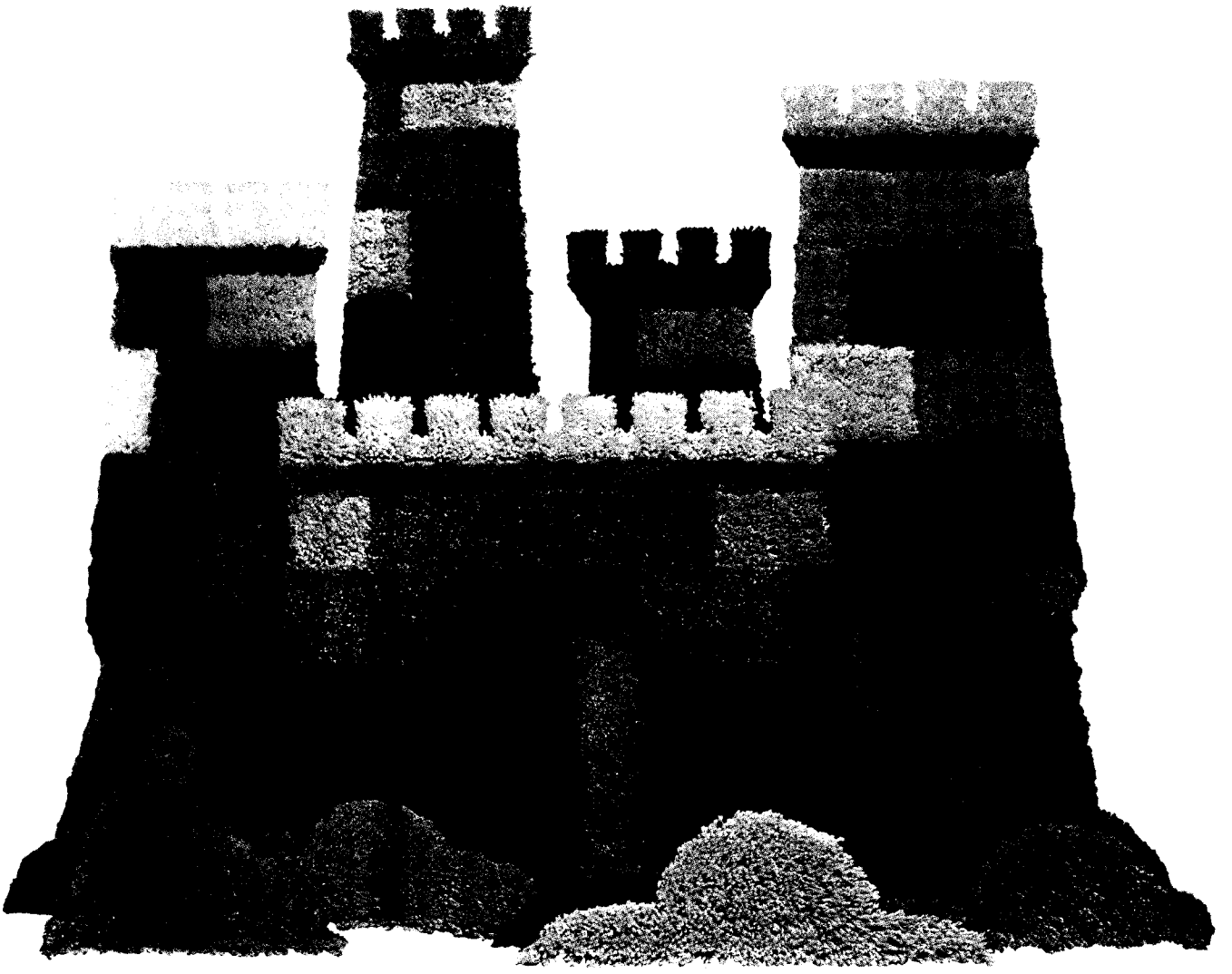

# Color Palace® II.

**Just in case the purple in the tower isn't your sort of thing, we created 49 other colors for you to choose from. In silky soft Anso® nylon plush. Carpeting so good it's backed up by the world's strongest wear guarantee.**

Color Palace II gives you a shimmering spectrum of easy-to-coordinate colors. It's easy to care for, too. The remarkable Anso fiber stays clean longer. And it's extra durable, resists wear even in heavily used areas. Luxurious to look at and luxurious underfoot, Color Palace II is fit for a king. Or a queen. Or you. See it at your dealers now.

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**The good life at your feet.**
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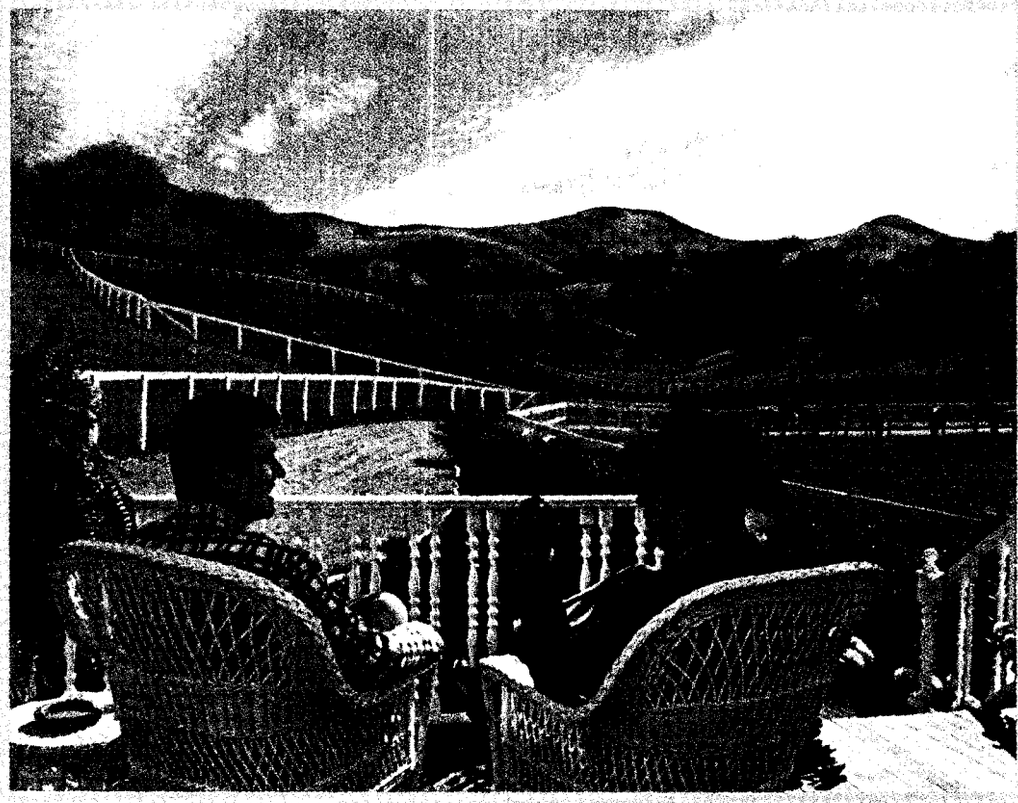
"*Home on the range,*
*where the buffalo roam*
*and the skies are not cloudy all day.*
*What more could you ask for?*"

"*Old Grand-Dad.*"



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